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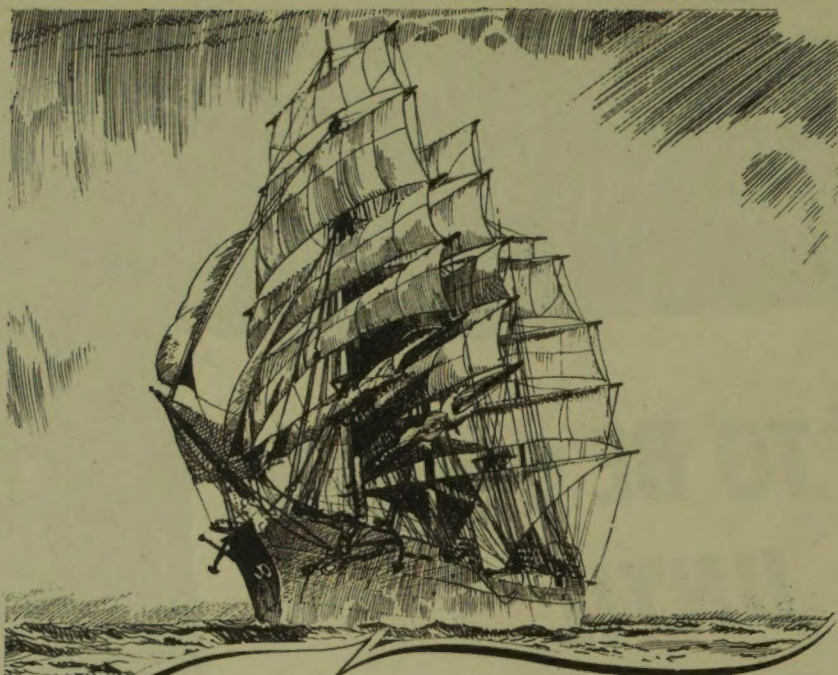
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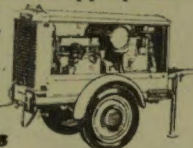




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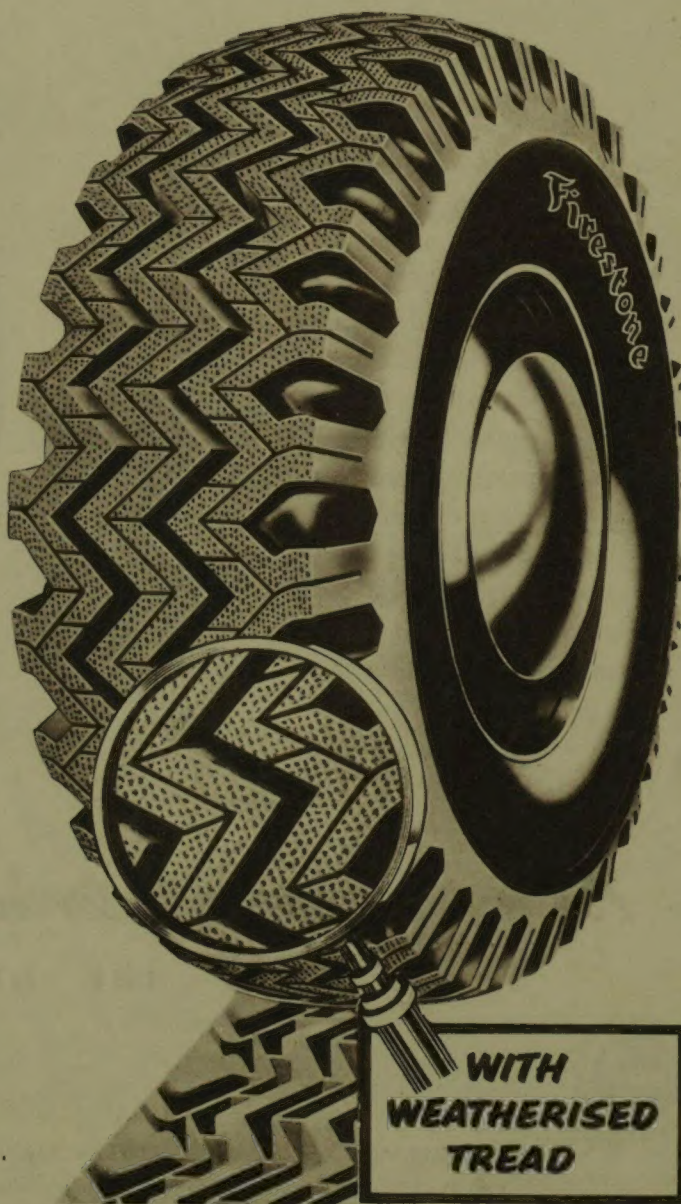
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Time flows on, but in affairs where protection matters, wise selection is still the secret. The modern manufacturer, sending his wares along the route from production line to consumer, takes care to select the best protection—the best packaging—available. Whether he makes sugar or soap, pottery or preserves,

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"THAMES BOARD" for cartons, boxes, bookbinding, etc.

"FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated fibreboard



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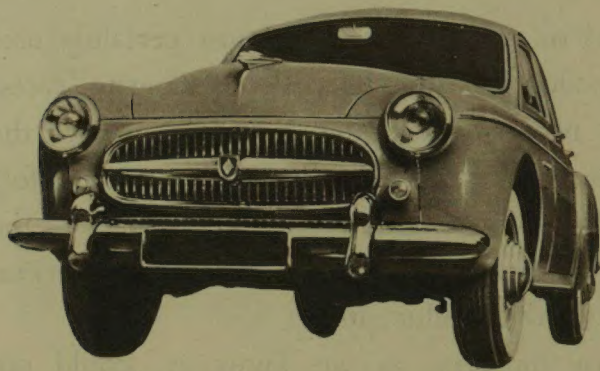
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soient de son côté.
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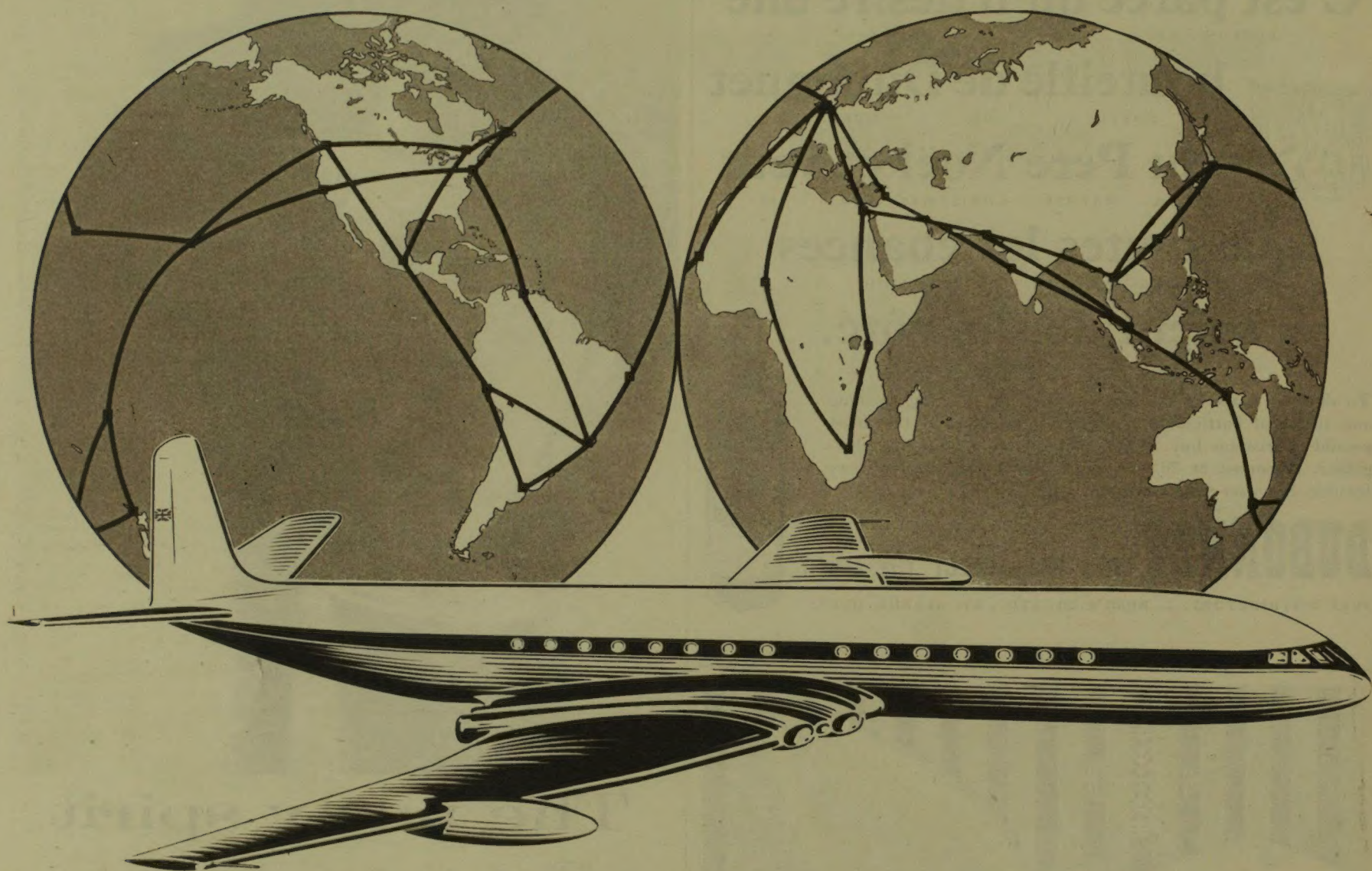


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1955.



BRITISH POLICE DOGS IN CYPRUS: AN ALSATIAN WITH HIS POLICE-SERGEANT HANDLER GETTING TO KNOW HIS NEW TERRAIN. THESE DOGS AIDED IN THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF A LARGE CACHE OF TERRORIST ARMS AND EQUIPMENT.

One of the measures taken by the British authorities to counter terrorist activities in Cyprus was the importation from Britain of a number of Alsatian tracker dogs with their policemen handlers. The dogs quickly grew accustomed to their new terrain, in spite of its more exotic vegetation. Their value to operating troops was underlined during the raid carried out by Royal Marine Commandos and Gordon Highlanders in the Troodos Mountains area on December 11. A military

patrol, accompanied by two police dogs, was fired on by terrorists, who escaped in the mist. The dogs then led the patrol to a number of caves, believed to be a terrorist hide-out, where a large haul of arms, ammunition, blankets, clothing, cooking utensils, food, fuel and water was discovered. This area has become notorious recently for its terrorist ambushes on British troops, many of whom have been shot when their transport vehicles were waylaid on the mountain roads.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVERYONE, or almost everyone in this country, would so much like to be friends with the Russians. We hold them in honour for their magnificent courage and hardihood in the war, admire their music, art, literature and, above all, their lovely and lively invention of Russian ballet which we have paid them the supreme compliment of imitating, and, whenever we are allowed the rare opportunity of meeting them as individuals, respond instinctively to their natural humanity, vitality and spontaneous warmth and friendliness. And until we began to appreciate its unfortunate consequences, a good many of us—though the writer of this page was not amongst them—sympathised strongly with their social and political ideals, many of which correspond in theory with our own radical and socialist beliefs and, since 1939—for we have been a Socialist State ever since—practice. But the Russian leaders, despite our almost pathetic readiness to be friends, will have none of it. Again and again, after some slight show on their part of readiness to meet us a quarter or even a tenth of the way, we have dashed forward with both hands outstretched, only to be contemptuously and insultingly rebuffed the moment a successful experiment with an atom bomb, a political deal with one of our satellites or some other Russian military or diplomatic success has caused them to reverse their short-lived policy of *rapprochement* with their old Allies. Once again, we have then become, on their loud and rasping tongues, Fascist vipers, degenerate bourgeois and imperialistic exploiters. Outside Nazi Germany a ruder, more unreasonable and less accommodating—to say nothing of mendacious and tyrannical—collection of rulers it would be hard to parallel in human annals. They are about as accommodating and trustworthy to deal with as a pack of tigers!

Yet though they lie, bully and persecute and, when the opportunity offers, grab their neighbours' lands like the very worst capitalistic robbers and imperialists of Communist legend, I have no doubt they mean well. Nearly everyone does! In what this well-meaning resides, it is hard for an Englishman to understand as he observes their deeds—their bloody proscriptions, aggressions, mass-arrests and concentration-camps—or reads or hears their violent and abusive words. Yet something of the real and not altogether unflattering truth about them was made clear, I felt, the other day in the reports of the dramatic critics of our leading newspapers after they had visited Moscow to see a British company play "Hamlet." In a critique of a play in the *Sunday Times*, by Harold Hobson, which came very near, I thought, to genius, the secret of modern Russian government was made plainer to me than it has been made by any other medium. As an introduction to it I should like to quote from a charming article in the same paper by the same author describing a visit which he and his wife had paid to a suburban Moscow theatre to see a performance of Tolstoy's "Fruits of Enlightenment."

My wife and I were surrounded by working people, mostly very stout women who had brought their lunch, which they ate during the intervals, but not whilst the performance was on. Some of these women heard us speak English, and they went into consultation with a young man who had learned a few words of the language at the chemistry school. . . . Then the young man, speaking as for a deputation, said very slowly and distinctly, "We like you." I think he was addressing the British nation rather than me personally, but anyway it was very agreeable. Finally he took my programme, and when he gave it me back I saw that he had written on the top left-hand corner, "Remember us."

I shall remember them. I shall remember, too, many other things. Above all, I shall remember the seaminess of Moscow. . . . Moscow has no gay cafés, no flaring advertisements of frigidaires and whiskies. There are no winking neon lights. No drifting crowds mill around in search of pleasure. There is no juke-box music. There are no posters of luxurious cars and pretty girls. . . . Moscow is a vast Working Men's Improvement Association, a city dedicated to self-education. . . .

The writer went on to describe how, where a small slab of chocolate costs 30s., a recording of a classic play was sold at half the price of such things in England because it was "cultural" and, therefore, desirable, and how at the theatres you could see plays by Chekhov and Gorki and Tolstoy and Shakespeare played night after night, but nothing else at all. "Moscow," he

concluded his article, "is a city in which a benevolent Tory like Shaftesbury would have seen a great deal to approve; but many a Labour voter, who likes an evening at the dogs and a pint of bitter at the local, would find it a rather equivocal Paradise."

In other words, here is a world where a fine, friendly, hitherto rather disorderly, people are being sternly disciplined for their own good and improvement by a, towards them, intensely well-meaning Government. They are being made to do all the things that hardship and poverty may have partly made the people of this country do and be in the past, but which no one in our free-and-easy, high-wages, strike and go-slow-against-overworking Welfare State makes them do and be any more. They are taught and compelled to work hard, to be frugal, to lead upright and moral lives, to study what their rulers regard as good and improving literature and music and acceptable political and economic science, to refrain from gambling, vice, vulgarity and every sort of laxness. In a sense it was what happened to us, on a limited scale, during the late war, when we were both enjoined and, up to a certain point, compelled to be good and to go in for plain living and, for want of anything more beguiling, high thinking; to lead, for the sake of victory, godly, sober and upright lives. And personally, for all its drabness

and my intense longing at the time for the war and its suffering and parting and death and deprivation and madness to end, I found the spectacle of the British people pursuing a great and selfless purpose in adversity a good deal more edifying than the spectacle of their pursuing personal ease, pleasure and cheap excitement to-day. But then, when one comes to think of it, life at one's preparatory school was a great deal more edifying than most of life has been since—stern, earnest, improving, salutary, except, of course, that there was a lot of sneaking, secret bullying, fear and pretence at virtue, that is what one's masters and school opinion regarded as virtue. And Moscow and the Soviet version of Holy Russia, it seems, are like that, too, and, in his brilliant critique of what he regarded as a rather trivial and worthless play seen in London after his return from Moscow, Mr. Harold Hobson makes the point that virtue and culture and high, earnest living are not, in the end, worth the cost, if the cost of having them is the loss of liberty. In the highly censored Moscow theatre, for instance, with its magnificent but monotonous repertory of classical plays and little else, "there is the determination of a healthy-minded prefect in a girls' school to keep the tone of the house wholesome. No impurity, no impropriety, no pessimism, no gloom, no defeatism, no anxious insoluble troubling of the human spirit is permitted. Everything

is cheerful, constructive and helpful." Yet the result, Mr. Hobson adds, as far as new work is concerned, is disastrous. The price of a good play is a bad one: of all fine creative work the ability to produce shoddy and trivial and ignoble work. "If the price were not paid, the goods would soon cease to be delivered." It is a splendid thing that people should see Shakespeare and Chekhov and Gorki and Tolstoy. But if people had never been allowed to be free and do as they pleased, in other words to be bad as well as good, there would never have been any Shakespeare and Chekhov and Gorki and Tolstoy. "Good beats bad," as we used to sing at Harrow, "when the fight is only free," and that is just what the rulers of Russia will never allow the fight to be. They mean well by their own standards, very, very well, but they won't have any disagreement with, or deviation from, them, any more than the Grand Inquisitors of Spain would have any from theirs, or our preparatory schoolmasters from ours. And sooner than have it, they will resort, unlike the latter, out of the highest motives, to every kind of restraint, coercion, punishment, deception and violence. Those who won't toe the Grand Inquisitor's or Big Brother's line will be broken on the wheel and utterly exterminated. And the Government of Russia in its dealings with the outer world acts in the same way. To them, with our degrading bourgeois habits, our capitalistic practices, our wrong thinking about economics, we seem what bad boys at a prep-school seem to their masters and prefects—little shockers! No wonder that they are rude to us and keep us on the stretch! We need, they feel, a good socking, and, whenever they see the chance, they give us one. And will continue to do so, even if it takes the form of a hydrogen-bomb—that is, of course, if there is no possibility of our retaliating in kind. Which is why it is as well for a naughty people who want to be free to remain prepared.



FOR VIGILANCE IN THE DEFENCE OF LIBERTY AND JUSTICE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH THE SILVER TOWN CRIER'S BELL (WHICH, WITH AN HONORARIUM OF £3570, CONSTITUTES THE WILLIAMSBURG AWARD) WHICH HE HAD JUST RECEIVED FROM MR. WINTHROP ROCKEFELLER (RIGHT), THE CHAIRMAN OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG FOUNDATION.

On December 7, at a dinner at the Drapers' Hall, London, in the presence of a most distinguished gathering, Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller presented to Sir Winston Churchill the first Williamsburg Award—a new American award for "outstanding achievements in advancing basic principles of liberty and justice." At the end of his speech of thanks, Sir Winston rang the bell. This silver bell, a replica of that used by the town crier of colonial Williamsburg, has been made by a Williamsburg craftsman of to-day; and it will be illustrated in full colour in a forthcoming issue of *The Illustrated London News*.



RETURNING THANKS FOR THE WILLIAMSBURG AWARD—AN AWARD WHICH "TRANSCENDS THE BOUNDS OF RACE, CREED AND GEOGRAPHY AND BRINGS THE WHOLE FREE WORLD WITHIN ITS SPHERE": SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, SPEAKING.

As reported on the opposite page, on December 7 Sir Winston Churchill was the first recipient of the Williamsburg award—a new American award established by the Trustees of Colonial Williamsburg for which the recipient should be "a person who has influenced the course of national or world events significantly by expressing in sustained action or eloquent and persuasive statement a belief in the liberty of the human spirit, in the rights of man and in the value of the individual." Further, this is an award which "will be given only when the Trustees, after consultation with distinguished advisors in the United States and elsewhere, agree unanimously that the proposed recipient meets in every respect the criteria set forth." The award was made at a dinner in the Drapers' Hall, in the City of London. The company at the dinner—which was entirely male—was of the

greatest distinction, including many of Sir Winston's wartime Ministers, associates and friends from both sides of the Atlantic. On Sir Winston's right hand can be seen Dr. Kenneth Chorley, President of the Board of Trustees; and on his left Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller, who made the actual presentation. Others who can be seen in the photograph include Mr. Attlee (who had the same day announced his resignation as Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party); the American Ambassador, and Mr. Lewis Douglas, a former American Ambassador; the Marquess of Salisbury; and Lord Kilmuir. Mr. Rockefeller read a message from President Eisenhower which said: "In our time, no man has given more to that cause [of freedom] than Sir Winston. With all who honour him, I join in extending to him heartiest congratulations and warmest regards."

ROYAL OCCASIONS: THE QUEEN GOES SHOPPING, A LONDON FASHION SHOW, AND OTHER ENGAGEMENTS.

(RIGHT.) AT A DRESS SHOW ORGANISED BY THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF LONDON FASHION DESIGNERS AT HAMILTON HOUSE: SOME OF THE MODELS BEING PRESENTED TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.

On December 7 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret saw a preview of 1956 spring fashions at a dress show organised by London's "Top Twelve" designers, the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, which was held at Hamilton House, Piccadilly. The Royal visitors were received by Lady Pamela Berry, president of the Society, Mr. Norman Hartnell, chairman, and Mr. A. J. C. Walters, director of British Man-Made Fibres. Some twenty new fabrics were shown for the first time, and more than half the total number of sixty garments (five from each designer) were created for the occasion. After the show the Queen Mother spoke to the girls who had modelled the clothes when they formed a guard of honour from the drawing-room to the octagon room, where the Royal guests had tea with the president and designers.



THE NEW CUNARD LINER *CARINTHIA* WHICH PRINCESS MARGARET ARRANGED TO LAUNCH ON DECEMBER 14, AT JOHN BROWN'S SHIPYARD, CLYDEBANK. THE NEW VESSEL IS DUE TO SAIL ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO QUEBEC AND MONTREAL NEXT JUNE.



WATCHING A WORKER USING REMOTE CONTROL HANDLING EQUIPMENT: PRINCESS MARGARET DURING HER VISIT TO THE RADIOCHEMICAL CENTRE AT AMERSHAM. On December 9 Princess Margaret visited the Radiochemical centre at Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, where she was received by Sir Edwin Plowden, chairman of the Atomic Energy Authority. During her visit Princess Margaret watched workers using remote control handling equipment from behind 1-in.-thick plates of safety glass.



SHOPPING IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE ON DECEMBER 7: H.M. THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY A LADY-IN-WAITING, LEAVING HARRODS AFTER A CHRISTMAS SHOPPING VISIT, DURING WHICH SHE SPENT SOME TIME IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT AND MADE A NUMBER OF PURCHASES.



BEFORE SEEING THE PRIVATE DRESS SHOW ORGANISED BY THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF LONDON FASHION DESIGNERS: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET WHO IS BEING HANDLED A PROGRAMME BY LADY PAMELA BERRY.

THE FIRE AT THE ADMIRALTY: SEVERE DAMAGE TO THE OLDEST BUILDING.



FIREMEN LOOKING DOWN ON THE ROOF OF THE OLDEST PART OF THE ADMIRALTY AND FIGHTING THE FIRE WHICH BROKE OUT IN THE EARLY HOURS OF DECEMBER 8.



FROM THE TOP OF TURNTABLE LADDERS FIREMEN DIRECT WATER INTO THE BLAZING ADMIRALTY BUILDING DURING THE FIRE WHICH DESTROYED ABOUT FORTY UPPER ROOMS.



LOOKING DOWN ON TO THE ADMIRALTY ROOF AFTER THE FIRE HAD BEEN PUT OUT. THE CHIEF PART AFFECTED WAS BUILT BETWEEN 1722 AND 1725 TO RIPLEY'S DESIGNS.

In the early hours of December 8 an unemployed man from Weston-super-Mare, Mr. Robert Jones, was walking across Horse Guards Parade when he saw flames in a room in the Admiralty. He climbed a wall and through a window, and attempted to put out the flames and to give the alarm. A general fire alarm was received at about 2.50 a.m. and by 4.30 a.m. about 150 firemen had brought the fire under control. The fire is believed to have started on the first floor in the oldest part of the building, where reconstruction and redecoration were in progress, and this building and part of the more modern north-west wing adjoining were



WHILE THE LIFE-SIZE ORIGINAL OF THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE STATUE OF NELSON LOOKS ON: WATER POURING THROUGH THE MAIN HALL OF THE AFFECTED BUILDING.

severely damaged. Almost the entire roof collapsed and about forty upper rooms were destroyed. The board room was saved, though water from the hoses seeped into the fine plaster ceiling. The Nelson Room—in which the great Admiral's body lay the night before the funeral—was undamaged. Mr. Jones was taken to a police station for questioning but the police were satisfied that he was indeed helping to fight the fire and he was commended for his action. The fire-fighting was watched by the First Sea Lord, Admiral Earl Mountbatten, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas.

A URANIUM FIND, NOMINEES TO SUCCEED MR. ATTLEE, AND ART TREASURE PURCHASES.



SCENE OF A RECENT URANIUM DISCOVERY: BULLER GORGE, ON THE WEST COAST OF NEW ZEALAND'S SOUTH ISLAND, NOW THE CENTRE OF A PROSPECTING RUSH.

On November 9 two elderly prospectors equipped with Geiger counters located the presence of uranium at Buller Gorge, on the west coast of New Zealand's South Island. Subsequent laboratory tests proved that the rock samples brought by the prospectors were unusually rich in the metal. The beautiful area of the Gorge at once became the goal of prospectors from far and near. Gold was once found near by, but the mining of it proved unprofitable and the project was abandoned.



WORKING WITH A GEIGER COUNTER IN THE BED OF THE BULLER RIVER: MR. CHARLES JACOBSEN, ONE OF THE PROSPECTORS WHO MADE THE ORIGINAL STRIKE.



NOMINATED FOR THE LEADERSHIP OF THE PARLIAMENTARY LABOUR PARTY: MR. ANEURIN BEVAN.



THE DEPUTY LEADER OF THE PARLIAMENTARY LABOUR PARTY UNDER MR. ATTLEE: MR. HERBERT MORRISON.



A STRONG CHALLENGER FOR THE LEADERSHIP OF THE PARLIAMENTARY LABOUR PARTY: MR. HUGH GAITSKELL.

Following the resignation of Mr. Attlee as leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party on December 7, three members were nominated to fill the vacant position. They were Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell and Mr. Herbert Morrison. On December 8 Mr. Bevan announced that he was prepared to withdraw his candidature to permit the unopposed election of Mr. Morrison if Mr. Gaitskell would also do so. Mr. Gaitskell, however, declined to withdraw from the contest. The result of the ballot was due to be declared on December 14.



PURCHASED FOR £7800 AT CHRISTIE'S: A SILVER SALVER MADE FOR SIR ROBERT WALPOLE BY THE HUGUENOT SILVERSMITH, PAUL DE LAMERIE, IN 1728.

A record price for a salver, £7800, was paid at Christie's on December 7 for the Walpole silver salver, made in 1728 by the Huguenot silversmith, Paul de Lamerie. The Walpole salver (135 ozs. 7 dwt.) is 19½ ins. square, and is engraved with the Exchequer seal of George I. It was sold for Mrs. Colin Davy, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Horace Walpole. In 1842, it changed hands for just over £100.



RETURNED TO AMERICA: MINIATURES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE, PAINTED BY THE SCOTTISH ARTIST ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON IN 1791 FOR HIS OWN PLEASURE.

These miniatures of George Washington and his wife were painted in 1791 by the Scottish artist, Archibald Robertson, who was commissioned by the eleventh Earl of Buchan to go to Philadelphia and paint the President's portrait. Before proceeding with the portrait, however, the artist, who was a great admirer of Washington, decided first to paint the miniatures on ivory in water-colours for his own pleasure. They eventually came into the possession of his great-great-grandson, from whom they were acquired by Mr. John Fleming, the New York antiquarian bookseller.



(ABOVE.)
THE NAVAL "GUNS"
OF THE FUTURE ARE
FIRED AT SEA: A
TERRIER GUIDED MIS-
SILE BEING LAUNCHED
FROM THE DECK OF THE
UNITED STATES WAR-
SHIP *MISSISSIPPI*.

This photograph, which was recently released by the U.S. Department of Defence, shows a *Terrier* guided missile being launched from the deck of the U.S. warship *Mississippi* during tests off the Virginia coast earlier this year. Early last month Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, predicted at the commissioning at Philadelphia of the Navy's first cruiser to carry anti-aircraft guided missiles—the converted cruiser *Boston*—that the Navy would have the beginnings of an atomic-powered surface fleet within two years. The battleship *Mississippi* (29,700 tons) was converted in 1953 as an experimental gunnery (guided missile) ship.



(RIGHT.)
PAYING THE COLLEC-
TIVE FINE OF £2000
IMPOSED BY THE
GOVERNOR, SIR JOHN
HARDING: INHABIT-
ANTS OF THE CYPRUS
VILLAGE OF LEFKONIKO
MAKING THEIR CONTRI-
BUTIONS.

The collection of the fine of £2000 imposed by the Governor, Sir John Harding, on the adult males of the Cyprus village of Lefkoniko started on Dec. 6, when it proceeded without incident. The fine was a punishment for the destruction of the post office by schoolboys. In some cases women brought the money on behalf of their male relatives.

MAN OF INFLUENCE IN SOME FATEFUL YEARS.

"GEOFFREY DAWSON AND OUR TIMES"; BY JOHN EVELYN WRENCH.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

GEOFFREY DAWSON, of whom, eleven years after his death, Sir Evelyn Wrench has written a "Life" in every respect worthy of its subject, was a being who shrank from personal publicity, although, as a private man he could stand up to anybody, belonged to a variety of clubs, and was never short of close and trusted friends. Throughout the latter half of his life he could have turned up at any gathering of British politicians or Imperial statesmen, or any Hunt Ball, or shooting party, and there would have been plenty of people to welcome him as "Dawson" and one or two to greet him as "Geoffrey." But to the British public at large, although there were in England or the world few people who exerted greater real influence than he, he was quite unknown. When he finally resigned after his second period as editor of *The Times*, that "steam-roller" of an organ announced: "Mr. Geoffrey Dawson is retiring from the Editorship of *The Times* in September on reaching the agreed age limit. His resignation would in fact have taken place last year if it had not been for the war, and his successor had already been nominated at that time. He has been Editor from 1912 to 1919 and again since the beginning of 1923." When that notice appeared little groups of men all over the world may have exclaimed, "It's a great pity Geoffrey Dawson's going, he was so sound"; the majority of *The Times*'s own regular readers probably said to their wives over the breakfast-tables: "So that's the chap who's been running *The Times* so well; I've often wondered what his name was"; and the great bulk of the voters who swing our course from side to side, never having heard of *The Times* (which most of them would call a "book"), would have no more noticed Dawson's passage from Printing House Square to local duties and sports in the Yorkshire Dales than his slightly later passage from this world to the next.

Geoffrey Dawson was born Geoffrey Robinson: the change in ornithological derivation is accounted for by the fact that, when he was in middle life, an aunt left him a pleasant house, with 3000 rough acres of hill and vale and the odd grouse, on condition that he altered his surname. At the time he did not think that his condition had been bettered: outlying farms had to be sold to pay death duties; later, he got back to Yorkshire as often as he could. His ancestry was respectable, though not illustrious. He

been incredulous and, when convinced, would have said: "Any of those would do for me." But he got under the influence of Lord Milner, that great and selfless public servant. He went to South Africa in Milner's "kindergarten" of young men determined to straighten out South Africa and serve this country and the world. Milner imposed on him the editorship of the *Johannesburg Star*. He took, although a scholar and a rather retiring gentleman, to journalism as a duck to water. The rumour of his efficiency reached England. Northcliffe had bought *The Times*; Northcliffe recognised another man with drive, Northcliffe made him Editor. The clash was bound to come.

On one side there was the utterly uneducated and uninformed man with a drive like Hitler's, a desire to

able to make up our deficiencies in armament because of the delay: even Chamberlain, a man of peace if ever there was one, agreed with that, having come back from his interviews with Hitler knowing that he had been dealing with "a maniac."

This is so full a book that I find it

difficult to review. Stanley Baldwin comes into it frequently, a man whom I loved and revered and respected. Lloyd-George comes into it, a man whom I liked but could never understand. And there are so many pages in the book which have a bearing on current affairs, local and international.

For example, there is a letter to Geoffrey, in 1936, from Sir Horace Rumbold, lately our Ambassador in Berlin. He writes:

I have rather come to the conclusion that the average Englishman—whilst full of common-sense as regards internal affairs—is often muddleheaded, sloppy and gullible when he considers foreign affairs. One often hears such phrases as "the Germans are so like us." Nothing is more untrue. I could quote many points of difference. For one thing Germans have a streak of brutality which is quite absent in the ordinary Englishman. And Germans like or put up with things that are repugnant to the average man of this country. . . . The ordinary Englishman does not realise that the German is an inexorable *Oliver Twist*. Give him something and it is a jumping-off ground for asking for something else.

Dawson, that self-controlled man, had this sort of information pouring into him throughout his active life. He had to make decisions; possibly, now and then he made wrong decisions; but, right or wrong, he kept a stiff upper lip. In this book we see him, always in close contact with the central people, being consulted over the General Strike, the Abdication,

SIR EVELYN WRENCH, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Sir Evelyn Wrench was born in 1882 and educated at Summer Fields, near Oxford; Eton and on the Continent. In 1904 he joined Lord Northcliffe's staff and was engaged in journalism until 1912, when he gave up all outside work to devote himself to the Overseas Club movement and to other Imperial work. He has been chairman of the *Spectator* since 1925 and was editor of that paper from 1925-32. His publications include: "Uphill"; "Immortal Years"; "Francis Yeats Brown: A Portrait."



COLONEL THE HON. J. J. ASTOR (LEFT), CHAIRMAN OF THE TIMES, AND GEOFFREY DAWSON IN THEIR WARTIME QUARTERS IN PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

serve, an incomprehension as to what it was that he wanted to serve, and an increasing desire for the lime-light: on the other side was a patient, well-informed man who was determined that *The Times*, with its long-established traditions, should not become, as it never did become under his rule, what the cheaper papers suggested, a "twopenny edition of the *Daily Mail*." Dawson resigned and served the Rhodes Trust and other good institutions. When Northcliffe died, and there was a battle for the body and soul of *The Times*, he was called back to his old post. To that post he stuck; and he stuck it.

There he remained. He was there during the General Strike, the Indian Round Table Period, the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa, the year of Assassinations, the Abdication, and Munich. He kept a diary which Sir Evelyn Wrench has freely used. Dawson was entirely in favour of Neville Chamberlain's delaying action at Munich. He realised, as Chamberlain

realised, that, at that time, had we declared war against Hitler we might not have had the backing of the Dominions (especially South Africa) or even of the British Public, which can never believe that there are wicked people who actually want war, either for sheer love of fighting or for desire of acquisition of other people's territories—in regard to which Hitler's "Mein Kampf" (which was overlooked here) and his "Table-Talk" might be consulted.

I suppose that the Munich "settlement" will be disputed for all time. Dawson thought that we were



THE EDITORIAL CONFERENCE AT PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Geoffrey Dawson and Our Times"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Hutchinson.

and Munich. Truths about the Abdication leak out: the Archbishop of Canterbury, for example (though I do remember a broadcast of his which suggested that Edward VIII. had had undesirable friends, most of whom were friends of mine, and quite harmless), is exculpated from any participation in that necessary dethronement.

Every kind of controversy is reawakened by this book. But to me it brings back the memory of an extremely nice man, and a few encounters. For instance . . . but I had better not say.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1074 of this issue.



THE MILNER KINDERGARTEN, 1906: (STANDING, L. TO R.): THE HON. R. H. BRAND (NOW LORD BRAND), SIR HERBERT BAKER, R.A., AND MR. LIONEL HITCHENS. (MIDDLE ROW): THE HON. HUGH WYNDHAM (NOW LORD LECONFIELD), MR. JUSTICE FEETHAM, MR. LIONEL CURTIS, SIR PATRICK DUNCAN, MR. J. F. PERRY AND SIR DOUGAL MALCOLM. (FRONT ROW): MR. JOHN DOVE, THE MARQUESS OF LOTHIAN AND MR. GEOFFREY ROBINSON (LATER CHANGED HIS NAME TO DAWSON).

got a scholarship to Eton, proceeded to Oxford and then obtained a Fellowship at that, to a Cambridge man, almost mythical College of All Souls. Had he been told at that time that, in later life, he would be offered probably successful candidatures for the Wardenship of All Souls, the Presidency of Magdalen and the Provostship of Eton, he would probably have

* "Geoffrey Dawson and Our Times." By John Evelyn Wrench. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Halifax, K.G., O.M. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 30s.)



RELINQUISHING THE LEADERSHIP OF THE PARLIAMENTARY LABOUR PARTY AFTER 20 YEARS: MR. CLEMENT ATTLEE.

On December 7 Mr. Clement Attlee, leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party for twenty years, announced his resignation. On the same date it was revealed that the Queen had approved that the dignity of an earldom of the United Kingdom be conferred on him. Mr. Attlee's decision to resign was first made known by him to the Parliamentary Labour Party in a speech of the briefest duration. In it he recalled that he had offered to resign in June of this year, but had been requested to remain in office. He now felt that the time had come for others to lead the Party. Tributes to Mr. Attlee were then delivered by

Mr. Morrison, Mr. Tom Williams, Mr. Grenfell, the "father" of the House of Commons, Miss Alice Bacon and Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, the youngest member of the Parliamentary Party, and others. In a reference to his old leader in a speech at Greenock, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell remarked: "Mr. Attlee . . . has led us with skill and wisdom, with the utmost devotion and dignity, and has set an example of democratic leadership of the first order which will be extremely difficult to equal." Mr. Attlee was Prime Minister from 1945 to 1951 and spent altogether thirty-three years in the House of Commons. He is seventy-two.

Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa.

THE biggest tanker now afloat was launched on December 2 from the yard of Vickers-Armstrongs (Shipbuilders) Ltd., at Barrow-in-Furness. She is the *Spyros Niarchos*, the ninth of the ten tankers being built by Vickers for Mr. Stavros Niarchos, the Greek shipowner. The ceremony was performed by Lady Weeks, the wife of Sir Ronald Weeks, the chairman of the builders. The dead-weight tonnage of the *Spyros Niarchos* is 47,750 and her overall length 757 ft. She is thus the biggest merchant ship built in the United Kingdom since the Second World War, and of British-built ships in service only the three liners *Queen Mary*, *Queen Elizabeth* and *Mauretania* will exceed her in size. For the builders the launch is an unusually important event, at least sentimentally, because it completes 1,000,000 tons of new shipping launched in their two yards since the war.

Most, if not all, the major shipyards are faced by new problems, owing to the great expansion in the size of their products. These are frequently concerned with their situation even more than their equipment. The latter can be modernised, though this calls for very careful planning, and there has, of course, been extensive modernisation of the Barrow and Naval yards. But, to insist on the obvious, there is no point in launching a ship unless she can be safely borne to her element, the open sea. The sites of shipyards having been chosen with no thought of the monster ships of recent years, things have occasionally been cut pretty fine in this respect, because the outlet to the sea has been on the narrow or the shallow side. In the case of the *Spyros Niarchos* the adjoining channel had been dredged during the period of four months preceding her launching, and when the great moment came eight tugs were kept standing by to take the big ship under control.

Within the lifetime of a few people petroleum was carried in casks like other cargo, but the use of fitted tanks is the better part of a century old. The giant tanker of to-day has appeared only in recent years. The motive is economy. Such a ship costs less per ton to build than a smaller one; her crew is smaller in relation to her tonnage; her bunker fuel consumption per ton of oil carried is also smaller; so is the proportion of the cost incurred at the berths at which she loads and discharges her cargo. But there is at present an upward limit and, for the time being at least, the *Spyros Niarchos* must be somewhere near it. What has been written above points to some of the reasons, but there are other factors which affect tankers after they have gone into service: among them berthing facilities, dry docks, and the storage facilities of refineries. I shall have another word to say on size, in its relation to the transport of oil in time of war.

Supposing that the increase in size is to continue—and as a mere amateur observer I should think it improbable that the present rate of expansion would be maintained—there must be a rhythm in the development. The job of tankers is to transport oil, so that their future depends on that of the oil industry. At present this is growing, but we do not know how long it will continue to grow. Atomic energy stands for a note of interrogation, though we may be certain that it is not going to infringe on oil to any great extent for a number of years to come. What is equally significant is the necessity for the expansion of all the developments in shipbuilding and port facilities to which I have alluded—and others which I lack the technical knowledge to tackle—to be made prudently. The capital involved in shipbuilding and in carrying oil is nowadays enormous, so that a serious error in policy may involve many millions.

Nor, because this is the age of what are called "super-tankers," are we to conclude that that of vessels of medium tonnage has come to an end. Mr. Niarchos himself has a number of these in his vast tanker fleet, as well as giants such as the *World Glory* (1954: 45,500 d.w. tons). He has a whole squadron with names beginning with "Saxon"—*Saxondale*, *Saxonglade*, *Saxonheath*, *Saxonsea*, etc.—all built in 1952 and 1953. What reinforces the point still more strongly is the fact that he is now planning the building, in United States yards, of two more tankers of 25,000 d.w. tons each. I gather, though again I speak as a complete layman, that it is a question of the job and the run. For certain runs and to certain ports 20,000 to 25,000 tons is the most suitable size, and in some cases I presume nothing much bigger would serve the purpose. Yet the emphasis is all on the giants. Hulls 1460, 1461, 1462 and 1463, on order with Mitsubishi (Nagasaki), will be of 40,500 tons.

The *Spyros Niarchos* will sail under the Greek flag. She will be chartered to Shell, and her normal task will be the carriage of crude oil from the Persian Gulf

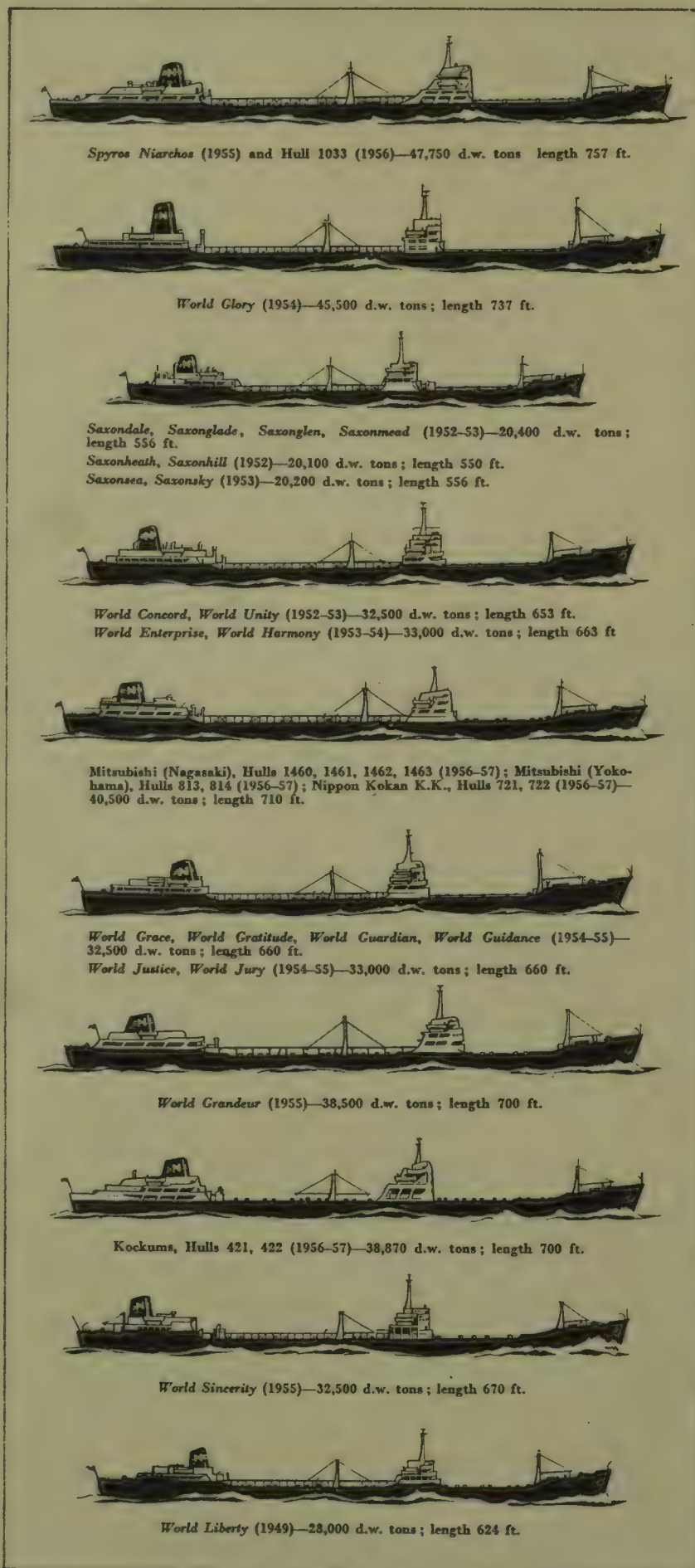
A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE GIANT TANKER TAKES THE WATER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

to ports in the United Kingdom. With a sea speed of 17 knots, she will be capable of nine round voyages in the year. She will be propelled by a single screw, driven by a set of geared turbines. With certain minor

THE TREND IN MODERN TANKERS.



THESE SILHOUETTES GIVE SOME IDEA OF THE RANGE OF MODERN TANKERS OF OVER 20,000 D.W. TONS IN THE NIARCHOS GROUP.

exceptions, such as two riveted seams on the bottom shell, the structure is all welded. When we talk of a motor firm "making" a car, we convey a false impression: what happens in the case of a mass-produced car is that it is "assembled" in a space of time to be measured by minutes from parts the great majority of which may have been produced by other firms. This is not the case with a ship to anything like the same extent. Yet even with a ship a great number of items are ordered outside. For the *Spyros Niarchos* the suppliers of the main items of machinery and electrical material only number upwards of a hundred.

The career of Mr. Stavros Niarchos is one of the most arresting in modern business. It began in grain, not oil, when he entered a family firm in Greece. In his twenties he became a pioneer in the use of larger ships to carry Argentine grain. By 1939, when he was thirty, he had entered the oil-tanker business and was already prominent in shipping in London as well as Athens. His ships joined the Allied Merchant Fleet in the war and half of them were sunk on war service. He himself served as a lieutenant in the Royal Hellenic Navy on convoy work in the North Atlantic in one of the American lend-lease destroyers. After the war he replaced and expanded the tanker fleet.

Again he was a shipping pioneer. He foresaw the big post-war expansion of the demand for oil, and also the need for tankers considerably larger than any then afloat to keep down marketing costs. The *Spyros Niarchos* is not the first of his ships to be the biggest tanker in the world; the *World Glory* held that position when launched in the United States in February 1954.

Some men, perhaps most, who have made comparable commercial successes have been gamblers, first and foremost. He claims not to be. The qualities which have put him where he is appear to be a combination of intimate knowledge of shipping and finance with an astonishing flair for divining world developments. Yet, despite his disavowal, the very word "flair" suggests some element of gambling. Clausewitz, writing on war, said that the gambling element entered into it and that the leader who refused to gamble was never likely to win a great victory. In the same way, it is unlikely that a business of the immense size of this could be built up in so short a time without occasional gambles. Every time a business man backs his foresight, even when that is reinforced by exceptional knowledge, he is gambling in a sense, though that sense need not be derogatory. When Mr. Niarchos disclaims gambling, I think he is insisting that he is a serious, and, in all that concerns the creation and maintenance of a fine fleet, an orthodox, shipping man—which is true.

He now claims to control the largest independent tanker fleet in the world, with a total of 1,600,000 tons, the great majority of the ships being on charter to British and American oil companies. His group has eight 40,000-ton tankers building in Japan and three dry-cargo ships building in the same country, two 19,000-ton ore-carriers building in Sweden and two 38,500-ton tankers there, two 10,500 dry-cargo ships building in Germany. In his speech at the launch of the *Spyros Niarchos* he remarked that the quality of the workmanship in British building yards was, in his opinion, the highest in the world. He added, however, that there were foreign yards which could launch a great ore-carrier 175 days after the laying of the keel, and that this "should give the British shipbuilding industry food for thought." He said that the Queen of the Hellenes had agreed to sponsor one of his new ships, and expressed the hope that she would launch that now under construction by Vickers.

Speculation about the size of ships naturally arises when we consider the possibility of war. In the matter of aircraft-carriers the United States has gone steadily ahead, and her latest carrier is colossal. We have not moved so far on this path. Certain of our naval authorities have said that they considered the *Forrestal* too big, and that ships of her size represented a policy of putting too many eggs into one basket. It may be that they were making the best of what they had got, and would be glad to see such a carrier in the Royal Navy if they could get it. I have been considering the upward limit in size of tankers from the economic point of view, whereas for the United States—though not for us—the size of carriers is chiefly governed by military considerations. Yet in war a tanker may be considered to be an auxiliary warship, because the forces of sea, land and air alike require her cargo, and the cities and countries to which she transports it may be unable to function without it.

Thus we cannot avoid examining the military significance of size where they are concerned, though, in their case, the crews exposed to the risks of war are very small by comparison with those of a carrier. It does not appear to me that the size attained up to the present indicates rashness. At sea, speed is an element of security against submarine attack, and these "super-tankers" are faster than their predecessors. Seventeen knots with a load of oil is fast. Yet I have no doubt that the military factor ought to be included among the factors taken into account, or, indeed, that it has been. A stage must surely come when the giant becomes too gigantic a risk. And this must mean more head-scratching for the planners of the future.



LAURENCE DUNN

A SECTIONAL DRAWING TO SCALE OF THE *SPYROS NIARCHOS*, THE LARGEST TANKER IN THE WORLD, WHICH WAS BUILT AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS FOR THE NIARCHOS GROUP AND LAUNCHED BY LADY WEEKS ON DECEMBER 2.

KEY TO S.T. SPYROS NIARCHOS.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Hospital. | 11. Fuel Tank. |
| 2. Chief Engineer's Suite. | 12. Cofferdams. |
| 3. Officers' Accommodation. | 13. Cargo Tanks. |
| 4. Crew's Accommodation. | 14. Dry Cargo Hold. |
| 5. Fresh Water Tank. | 15. Radio Operator. |
| 6. Workshop. | 16. Chart Room. |
| 7. Lubricating Oil Tanks. | 17. Second Radio Operator. |
| 8. Auxiliary Machinery. | 18. Captain's Quarters. |
| 9. Main Turbines. | 19. Owner's Quarters. |
| 10. Boiler Rooms. | 20. Deck Officers' Quarters. |

THE BIGGEST TANKER IN THE WORLD AND THE MAN WHO COMMISSIONED IT.

AS was reported in our last issue, the S.T. *Spyros Niarchos* was launched from the Barrow-in-Furness Yard of Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd. The biggest tanker in the world, and also the largest merchant ship built in the United Kingdom since the Second World War, she is the ninth of the first group of ten orders placed with Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd. by the Greek shipowner.

(Continued below.)



ONLY 115 FT. SHORTER THAN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: THE *SPYROS NIARCHOS* HAS AN OVERALL LENGTH OF 757 FT. AND A D.W. TONNAGE OF 47,750 TONS. THE MAXIMUM CARGO TANK CAPACITY IS 14,000,000 IMPERIAL GALLONS.



MR. NIARCHOS'S PRIVATE YACHT *CREOLE* IN FULL SAIL. MR. NIARCHOS USES THIS THREE-MASTED SCHOONER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. IT WAS REFITTED IN GERMANY AND CARRIES SPECIAL RADIO EQUIPMENT TO ENABLE MR. NIARCHOS TO KEEP IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH HIS WORLD-WIDE BUSINESS CONCERNS WHILE HE IS ON A CRUISE.

(Continued.)

Mr. Stavros S. Niarchos, whose remarkable career is outlined by Captain Cyril Falls in this week's "A Window on the World." We show here a sectional drawing to scale of the *Spyros Niarchos*, which will sail under the Greek flag. She will be able to carry enough crude oil, when refined into motor spirit, to enable an 8-horsepower car to drive to the sun and back. This would still leave over half her original cargo of crude oil available for manufacture into



KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES (RIGHT) SPEAKING TO MR. NIARCHOS ON BOARD HIS TANKER S.T. *WORLD HARMONY* AT A CEREMONY HELD IN PHALERON BAY, ATHENS, IN SEPTEMBER 1954. CROWN PRINCE CONSTANTINE CAN BE SEEN STANDING NEXT TO THE KING.

other products. The drawing of the tanker in front of the Houses of Parliament will give some idea of her immense size. In 1884 Armstrong-Whitworth's designed and built the first tank steamer on modern lines—this was the *Glückauf*, with a deadweight capacity of 3000 tons. It is a happy coincidence that Britain has recaptured the distinction of having built the largest tanker in the world in the yards of a company descended from the builders of the first modern tanker. Mr. Niarchos spends much of his time in the summer months sailing in his yacht *Creole*. He found this three-masted schooner in a derelict state some four years ago. It was British built by Camper and Nicholsons, but was refitted in Germany to comply with Mr. Niarchos's special requirements.

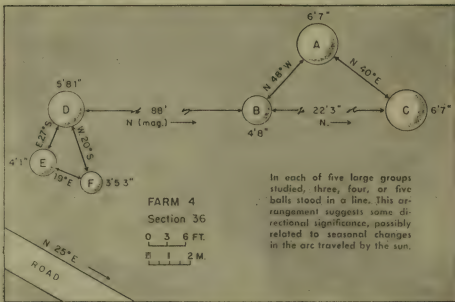
AN ENIGMA FROM THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH-WEST COSTA RICA: STONE SPHERES WHICH MAY BE ASTRONOMICAL MARKERS.



(ABOVE.) ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF SOUTH-WESTERN COSTA RICA: A GROUP OF LARGE SPHERES CARVED OUT OF LAVA AND PROBABLY DATING FROM THE SPANISH CONQUEST OR EARLIER.

THE photographs on these two pages were taken a few years ago during the visit of an American archaeologist, Dr. Samuel Lothrop, and his wife to south-west Costa Rica, not far from the Panama border. Dr. and Mrs. Lothrop were diverted by local political troubles from the site they proposed to examine near the Nicaraguan border; and while spending a brief holiday with friends in San José, were told that at Palmar, in the steaming jungle near the Panamanian border, and some twelve miles from the Pacific, they might

(Continued below, right.)



In each of five large groups studied, three, four, or five balls stood in a line. This arrangement suggests some directional significance, possibly related to seasonal changes in the arc traveled by the sun.



THIS STONE BALL IS OF ABOUT 6 FT. DIAMETER AND IS ALMOST PERFECTLY SPHERICAL. AS IS THE CASE WITH MOST OF THEM, IT STANDS MANY MILES FROM ANY SOURCE OF STONE.



HERE AN EXCAVATED STONE BALL IS REVEALED AS RESTING ON A PLATFORM OF STONES; AND IT IS PRESUMED THAT IT IS HERE IN THE ORIGINAL PLACE FOR WHICH IT WAS MADE.



DR. AND MRS. LOTHROP EXCAVATED IN SEVERAL PLACES; AND IN THIS SITE FOUND TWO STONE BALLS, LYING AMONG BOULDERS, WHICH HAD APPARENTLY BECOME SILTED OVER IN THE COURSE OF TIME. IN THIS PARTICULAR SITE, THE BALLS RESTED ON STONE PLATFORMS, ABOVE CHIRIQUI TYPE POTTERY.

Continued] many hundreds which they did not see. Almost all that they examined were carved from the local lava, and even the inferior ones were extremely well made and very close to perfect spheres. In the majority of cases these stone balls were lying far from any workable source of stone and must have been carried or trundled over long distances in very difficult country to the sites in which they were discovered. Dr. Lothrop took a series of careful measurements of a group of three large stone balls and discovered them to be 6 ft. in diameter and practically perfect spheres. He also examined five large groups of which at least three appeared to be in their original positions—the plan shows a typical group—and it is suggested that the groups form a series of alignments which could be of astronomical significance. Dr. and Mrs. Lothrop made a number of excavations and found some of the stone spheres underground, some on stone foundations and therefore probably in their original site and some resting above pottery of the classical Chiriqui pottery, best known in western Panama. This type of pottery was still being made at the time of the Spanish Conquest, and it would appear that this particular stone ball was of approximately that period. The majority of the stone balls are probably older than this, but it would seem that the cult was a late one, continuing into the sixteenth century A.D.

Photographs by Mrs. Samuel Lothrop and Mr. Paul Allen.



DR. LOTHROP EXAMINING POTTERY FOUND BELOW THE LEVEL OF AN EXCAVATED STONE BALL. IT WAS OF CLASSICAL CHIRIQUI TYPE AND SUGGESTS A 16TH-CENTURY DATE FOR THESE STRANGE MONUMENTS.

(ABOVE.) A SKETCH PLAN OF A GROUP OF STONE SPHERES SHOWING THEIR RELATIONSHIP WITH EACH OTHER. DR. LOTHROP HAS SUGGESTED THAT THEY FIX LINES OF SIGHT FOR ASTRONOMICAL OR RITUAL PURPOSES.

Continued] find some ancient sites to interest them—and that at all events they would see lying here and there some extraordinary worked stone balls "obviously prehistoric, though no one knows what they represent or where they come from." On arrival at Palmar they found a settlement built by the United Fruit Company and some of the stone balls referred to laid out on the lawn of a banana plantation manager. They were told that there were numbers of these here and there in the countryside and in the course of the next two months they saw some sixty-odd worked stone balls, some quite small, others with diameters of about 6 ft.; and they concluded that there are

(Continued above, right.)



DR. AND MRS. LOTHROP SEATED IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE COSTA RICAN STONE BALLS THEY EXAMINED. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS CLEARLY THE SIZE, PRECISION AND WORKMANSHIP OF ONE OF THE FINER LARGER EXAMPLES FOUND.



AN ACKNOWLEDGED MASTERPIECE OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ARCHITECTURE: TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL, WHERE THE EXTERNAL STONEMWORK IS IN A VERY BAD STATE.



DATING FROM ABOUT 1620: KETTELL HALL, A CURIOUS GABLED ROW OF BUILDINGS NAMED AFTER DR. KETTELL, WHO WAS PRESIDENT OF TRINITY FROM 1599 TO 1643.

APPEALING FOR £100,000 FOR ESSENTIAL RESTORATION WORK AND MAINTENANCE: TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

During the year in which it is celebrating the 400th anniversary of its foundation, Trinity College, Oxford, is appealing for £100,000, the estimated cost of restoring the College's ancient and beautiful buildings and of making provision for their future maintenance. The nature and extent of essential restoration was disclosed by a survey which was made two years ago. At that time the estimated cost of restoration, using artificial stone, was £60,000, and with natural stone an additional £25,000. The stonework of the lovely Chapel, which is as fine a work of art of its own period as can be found anywhere in Oxford, is badly decayed. Other buildings in need of repair include Kettell Hall, the curious gabled row of buildings dating

from about 1620, which derives its name from Dr. Kettell, the able if somewhat eccentric character, who was President of Trinity from 1599 to 1643. The mediæval buildings of the former Durham College, which were at the centre of the new foundation when it began, and remain at its heart to-day, are also in need of repair, and the famous "gate" in Parks Road will also have to be restored, at a cost of £5000. Unfortunately, the noble pillars for the splendid monumental grille were built, like the Chapel, of Headington freestone, which has suffered badly from weathering with the passing of the years. This beautiful grille (dating from 1713) gives the passer-by in Parks Road one of the best-loved views in Oxford.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

IN NEED OF EXTERNAL REPAIR: TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL, OXFORD.



RICH WITH A WEALTH OF GRINLING GIBBONS CARVING, WHICH IS IN GOOD CONDITION: THE INTERIOR OF THE BEAUTIFUL COLLEGE CHAPEL.



ONE OF TWO SUPERB CARVED GRILLES: THE SOUTH GRILLE ON THE ELABORATE SCREEN WHICH SEPARATES THE ANTE-CHAPEL FROM THE MAIN CHAPEL.



ABOVE THE ALTAR: DETAIL FROM THE TOP OF THE REREDOS, SHOWING GRINLING GIBBONS'S MAGNIFICENT DECORATION IN PEAR AND LIMWOOD.



IN THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE CHAPEL: THE EFFIGY OF SIR THOMAS POPE, FOUNDER OF THE COLLEGE, WHICH SURMOUNTS HIS TOMB.

In its Quatercentenary Appeal for the sum of £100,000 to meet the cost of restoring its ancient buildings and to make provision for their future maintenance, Trinity College, Oxford, state that the most important item in need of repair is the Chapel. This is an acknowledged masterpiece of seventeenth-century architecture. The interior, with its wealth of Grinling Gibbons carving, is in good condition, but the external stonework is in a very bad state, as can be seen from the photograph (lower right). The flat surfaces have been deeply eaten into by decay, while the ornamental mouldings, on whose crisp definition



DEEPLY EATEN INTO BY DECAY: THE EXTERNAL STONWORK SURROUNDING TWO OF THE WINDOWS IN THE SOUTH FACE OF THE CHAPEL.

the beauty of a Renaissance building so largely depends, have in many places almost disappeared. The Chapel must be refaced in natural stone, and the cost will be at least £27,000. The whole scheme of restoration will take several years to complete, but the severe decay in certain areas makes it urgently necessary to start the work as soon as possible. Contributions, however small, will be welcomed and should be sent to the Domestic Bursar, Trinity College, Oxford. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to the "Trinity College Appeal Fund."

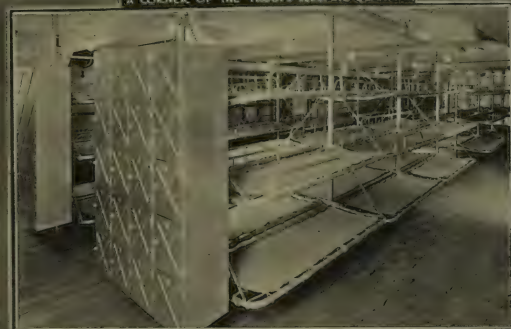
PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. R. H. WEAVER, EXCEPT FOR THE SOUTH GRILLE, WHICH IS BY HELMUT GERNSEIM, F.R.P.S.



THE FIRST-CLASS DRAWING-ROOM.



A CORNER OF THE TROOPS' SLEEPING QUARTERS.



KEY TO TROOPSHIP NEVASA.

BRIDGE AND WHEELHOUSE

1. Captain's Cabin.
2. Radar Scanner.
3. Compass Platform.

LOWER BRIDGE DECK

4. Engine Room Skylight.
5. Officers' Cabins, Radio Office, etc.

BOAT DECK

6. First-Class Nursery.
7. Officers' and Engineers' Cabins.

PROMENADE DECK

8. Main Hospital.
9. Mainmast.
10. Cinema Projectors.
11. First-Class Smoking-Room.
12. Dance Floor.
13. Library (First-Class).
14. Writing-Room (First-Class).
15. First-Class Drawing-Room.
16. Foremast.

"A" DECK

17. Crew's Washrooms.
18. Women's Services Room.
19. Families' Room.
20. Second-Class Smoke-Room.
21. and 21a. Cabins (First-Class).
22. Derrick Posts.
23. Anchor Winch.

"B" DECK

24. Laundry.
25. Cabins.
26. Open Space.
27. Officers' Hospital.
28. First-Class Cabins.
29. Staircase.
30. Chief Steward's Cabin.
31. First-Class Dining Saloon.
32. Entrance.
34. General Recreation Room.

"C" DECK

35. Crew and Third-Class Passengers.
36. Second- and Third-Class Dining Saloons.
37. Chief Baker's and Chef's Cabins.
38. Children's Dining Saloon.
39. Fish Room and Butcher's Shop.
40. Store.
41. Galley.
42. Stairway.
43. Troops' Cafeteria.
44. Troops' Recreation Room.

"D" DECK

45. Crew.
46. Third-Class Cabins.
47. Men and Women's Mental Wards.
48. Bath.
49. Butchers', Bakers', and Barmen's Cabins.
- 50, 50a and 50b. Troops' Sleeping Space.

"E" DECK

51. Servants' and Crew's Space.
52. Mess Rooms.
53. Butcher's Shop.
54. Ice Cream Stores.
55. Refrigeration Machinery.
56. Starboard Boiler-Room.
57. Tank Room.
- 58 and 58a. Troops' Sleeping Space.
59. Staircase.

"F" DECK

60. Stores.
61. Starboard Engine-Room.
62. Auxiliary Machinery.
63. General Stores.
64. Baggage Rooms.
65. Tanks, etc.
66. Stabilizer (Starboard).

A NEW TROOP TRANSPORT FOR WAR AND PEACE: THE NEVASA (21,000 TONS), INCORPORATING THE MOST MODERN DEVELOPMENTS FOR THE COMFORT OF SERVING MEN AND THEIR FAMILIES.

The twin-screw turbine-driven troopship *Nevasa*, built by Messrs. Barclay, Curle and Company for the British India Steam Navigation Company, was successfully launched on November 30 from the Clydeholm Shipyard. The naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. J. A. Boyd-Carpenter, wife of the Minister of Transport. The *Nevasa* has been designed by the owners and the builders in collaboration with the Ministry of Transport to embody their combined experience of wartime and post-war troop movement by sea. Of about 21,000 gross tons, she has a length of 609 ft., a breadth of 78 ft. and a depth of 57 ft. She will accommodate 220 first-class, 100 second-class and 180 third-class Service passengers, in addition to 69 sergeants and 931 troops. The first-class public rooms comprise the

Dining Saloon, Children's Dining Saloon, Drawing-Room, Smoking-Room, Writing-Room, Library, Ladies' Retiring Room and Families' Room. There is also a Children's Nursery and adequate playing space. The Drawing-Room, shown here in an inset drawing by the architect, Messrs. A. McInnes, Gardner and Partners, of Glasgow, is at the forward end of the Promenade Deck, and is a large, handsome apartment, with a bow recess, port and starboard. Wide french-type doors are fitted to the sides and casement windows to the forward end of this room, all opening on to the Promenade Deck. On the same deck are the Writing-Room, Library and the Smoking-Room. The accommodation for first-class passengers is in single, two- and three-berth staterooms. Second-class passengers

have three- and four-berth staterooms. Third-class passengers have four- and six-berth staterooms. The accommodation for sergeants and troops is in large dormitories fitted with Stander bunks and having lockers for the stowage of personal effects. There are second- and third-class dining saloons, and for the troops there is a large combined canteen opening on to the recreation room, and a cafeteria service. Specially designed rooms in which to prepare children's food are provided for passengers. Separate weather-deck promenade space is provided for all classes of passengers, the troops being specially catered for in this respect. All promenade spaces have permanent or portable overhead cover for tropical conditions. Hospital accommodation for sixty patients in eight separate wards

has been provided, and has been arranged to comply with the latest requirements of the Service medical authorities; there is an operating theatre, and a steam disinfecter for hospital linen and bedding. There are also a hairdressing saloon, sales shop, cinemas, electric lifts, and a modern laundry system. The decoration of the public rooms throughout, including the troop space, is carried out in a pleasing modern manner, making use of fine veneers and hardwoods generally, in light colours, contrasted with straight grain veneers to give decorative relief. The captain's suite, comprising Dayroom, Bedroom and Bathroom, and those of the Chief Engineer and the Ship's Commandant, are similarly decorated. Stabilising equipment is fitted, and this will effectively reduce the roll of the ship in a seaway.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE BRITISH INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION CO., LTD.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. WELL-TAILORED ARMIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

AN exhibition at the Redfern Gallery entitled "*Élégance Militaire*"—an enormous affair of nearly a thousand paintings, drawings and prints—is, at first sight, a light-hearted kaleidoscope of military millinery and sartorial extravagance. Guardsmen, whether French or English, appear more brainlessly romantic than was ever imagined by Ouida in her most sumptuous dreams, and Wellington, in a painting by Reinagle, stands in an archway with the dome of St. Paul's in the background, absentmindedly brandishing an enormous sword of State, presumably a recent presentation by the City of London, looking not so much like himself as an understudy of Edmund Kean in the rôle of the Iron Duke—an example of official portraiture at its most preposterous. Impeccable Lancers, glamorous Hussars, plumes, shakoes, shining top-boots, white inexpressibles, moustaches waxed, walrus or non-descript, horses, rocking-horse or *au naturel*, parade before us in a splendid Christmassy procession, some by anonymous hands, others by considerable artists, many near to caricature, the majority serious records of fact.

Amid so great a profusion the visitor can do little more than generalise and then note a few which struck him as out of the ordinary, either because of their quality or rarity. Of straightforward prints

showing what could be done in this modest kind of popular print by a man who really understood its technique. Dumaesque could draw with accuracy and could bring his men and horses to life. He is presumably one of the many referred to by Mr. Osbert Lancaster in a shrewd introduction to the catalogue who "lithographed the armies of the third Napoleon and may well have provided some of the raw material which more original artists, such as Guys, transformed. Moreover, from time to time, painters of a very superior talent entered the field; the military life exercised a constant fascination for Géricault and Gros, and it provided the principal inspiration for that to-day neglected master, Menzel. And Rowlandson considered it by no means beneath his artistic dignity to illustrate training manuals,

Indeed, there is no end to the fun to be derived from this show—something for everybody, which is as it should be at this time of the year, for the student of manners, of history, of fashion, even of military inventions like the rocket already mentioned; or Rowlandson's "Military Fly," a long carriage on four wheels for the conveyance of troops, a little like an old-fashioned fire-engine; or an ingenious contraption used by the French Corps of Engineers (I imagine about 1880), in which four men seem to be propelling double-tandem bicycles with a cart in between. None the less, there is a good deal of interest to be found, if you are in the mood, on a more exalted plane. Two paintings, for example, are attributed to Delacroix, and anything which can be attributed to that very great painter is worth more than a passing glance,

and the many anonymous items provide ample opportunities for amateur expertise, including one catalogued as *Kitchener at Khartoum*—I must say I find the identification unconvincing—which looks as if it might possibly have been painted, in monochrome, for *The Illustrated London News* of that period. It is a highly competent performance and I should like to know its author. I suppose about half the exhibits are French, and we have to admit that their quality is, on the whole, decidedly superior to the rest. The majority of the remainder are English, with a few entertaining items from Germany, Austria and Italy. Constantin Guys, by general consent the most gifted of those who dealt with military subjects in this popular manner, is represented by a single picture from his years in England—"Sandhurst Cadets."

The world to be seen at this exhibition, with all its gold lace and panache, has

long since been replaced by something far less colourful and far more deadly; perhaps that is yet another reason why we look back to it with a certain wistful nostalgia. The show is so big and the subjects so varied—at a guess about 200 pictures are stacked, one against another, on the floor owing to lack of



FIG. 1. "ROCKET PRACTICE ON THE MARSHES"; BY T. H. JONES. THIS PRINT IS INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION "*ÉLÉGANCE MILITAIRE*" WHICH IS AT THE REDFERN GALLERY, 20, CORK STREET, UNTIL DECEMBER 31. MR. DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THIS INTERESTING EXHIBITION ON THIS PAGE. THERE ARE NEARLY A THOUSAND EXHIBITS, WHICH PROVIDE A MOST COLOURFUL SURVEY OF MILITARY FASHIONS BETWEEN 1800 AND 1900.

and to record the uniforms of the various units of volunteers."

In addition to all these picturesque and romantic evocations by artists of some quality, there are rare prints in the exhibition which are historical documents of importance, among them two American prints by Otto Botticher, of the National Guard, on parade at Cape Worth, and three naive, clumsy, but somehow touching prints, which I imagine were issued as part of the official propaganda when the ashes of Napoleon were brought back to France to be deposited in the Invalides. They are typical penny plain, tuppence-coloured productions for sale in the streets to inculcate the Napoleonic legend; one of the Emperor's farewell at Fontainebleau, the second of the ceremony at the Invalides, the third, crude likenesses of Napoleon and his son, the King of Rome—things of no consequence, yet, as I have said, oddly moving—or have we all experienced such a series of disasters that we can no longer be affected by events so remote in time?

Perhaps the more light-hearted aspect of the show, as well as something of its quality, can be indicated by the water-colour by Charles Morel of the "*Tambour Major de la Garde*" (Fig. 2), who is Pomp and Circumstance personified, while the excellent little canvas by Sérgent (Fig. 3) of the young soldier asking advice from his senior takes us away from the parade-ground to the hard facts of campaigning. A stilted English print of the 1830's (to judge by the women's dresses), entitled "Rocket Practice on the Marshes" (Fig. 1), is, I suppose, a reminder that there is nothing new under the sun; it is a long way from the English countryside to the rocket range in Australia, and rockets are not what they were. There are numerous portraits of Napoleonic generals and marshals and of their opposite numbers under Wellington, a most romantic portrait of the young Napoleon crossing the Alps during the Italian Campaign, by Bellange, and then, by contrast, the singularly absurd and justly famous American print of George Washington's reception by the ladies at Trenton, New Jersey, April 1789, on his way to New York to be inaugurated first President of the United States, with the resounding legend "The Hero Who Defended the Mothers Will Protect the Daughters," with Washington, apparently mounted on a wooden horse, raising his hat with a wooden arm and greeting the ladies with a wooden smile.



FIG. 2. "*TAMBOUR MAJOR DE LA GARDE*"; A WATER-COLOUR BY CHARLES MOREL, WHICH MR. DAVIS DESCRIBES AS "POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE PERSONIFIED."

intended as nothing more than accurate fashion plates a series of lithographs by A. Dumaesque are in a class by themselves; this particular series seems to have been published during the '60's, to judge by the uniforms, and must be among the best lithographs of the century,



FIG. 3. THIS PAINTING BY L. SÉRGENT, WHICH SHOWS A YOUNG SOLDIER ASKING ADVICE FROM HIS SENIOR, IS ONE OF THE MANY WORKS IN THE REDFERN GALLERY EXHIBITION WHICH SHOWS THE "HARD FACTS OF CAMPAIGNING."

wall-space—that it is obviously absurd of me to complain about an omission; however, it was not only the brutal soldiery which cut a dash during those far-off days—naval types also were not wholly without their share of coquetry. I missed an admiral or two.

AN EGYPTIAN
BESTIARY OF
5000 YEARS AGO—
FROM A FAMOUS
FLINT KNIFE, NOW
EXHIBITED IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.

MR. I. E. S. EDWARDS, Keeper of the Department of Egyptian Antiquities, British Museum, writes: "The flint knife with ivory handle illustrated on this page (Figs. 1-4) was acquired in 1891 by the late Reverend Greville Chester at Sheikh Hamada, near Sohag, in Upper Egypt. It is now the property of Mr. G. H. Lane-Fox Pitt-Rivers and forms part of the

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 1. SOME 5000 YEARS OLD AND ONE OF THE MOST HIGHLY PRIZED OF PREHISTORIC EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES: THE PITT-RIVERS FLINT KNIFE, NOW RESTORED AND EXHIBITED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



FIG. 2. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PITT-RIVERS EGYPTIAN KNIFE, SHOWING THE TANG FITTING INTO THE IVORY HANDLE. THE BLADE IS OF FINE, PALE MILKY TOFFEE COLOUR.

[Continued.] collection of the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Farnham, Dorset. Recently the handle has been restored in the Research Laboratory of the British Museum under the direction of Dr. H. J. Plenderleith, and the object will be shown as a temporary exhibit until next April in the Egyptian Department of the Museum. Mounted in the same case will be drawings of the handle (Figs. 5 and 6) made by Mr. H. M. Stewart, of the Institute of Archaeology, London University, whose interpretation differs in several details from that published by Sir Flinders Petrie in 1896, which has remained to the present day the standard publication of the object. On its lower edge, the tanged blade is finely serrated and still very sharp. One face is smooth and the other flaked outwards from a line running roughly through the central axis. The pattern of the blade would alone enable the knife to be

[Continued below, left.]

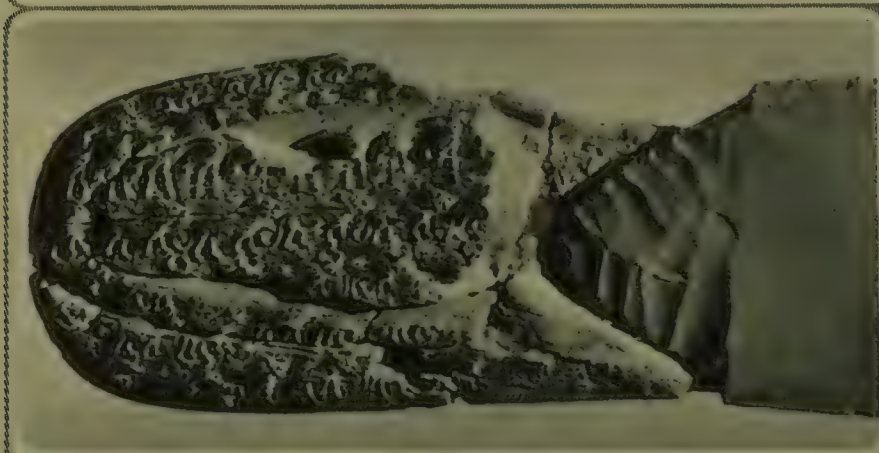
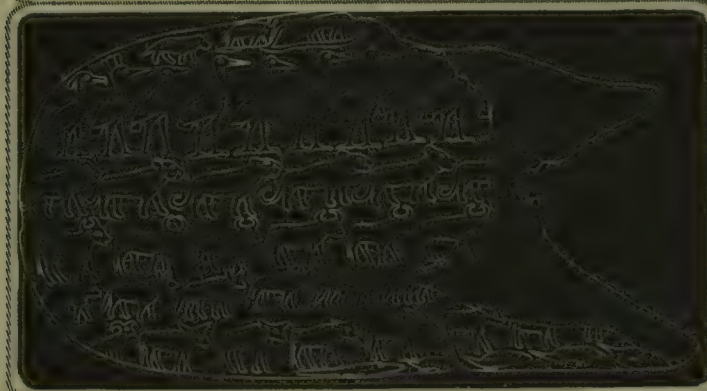


FIG. 3. DETAIL OF THE SIDE OF THE HANDLE SHOWN IN FIG. 2. THE CROCODILE IS PERHAPS THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATION OF THAT ANIMAL.

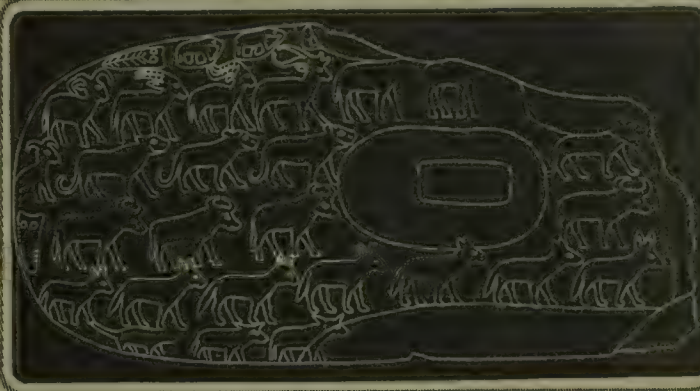


FIG. 4. DETAIL OF THE SIDE OF THE HANDLE SHOWN IN FIG. 1: SHOWING THE CAVITY PREPARED PRESUMABLY FOR AN ORNAMENTED BOSS. SEE FIGS. 5 AND 6. N.B.—Diagram below is reversed.



(LEFT.) FIG. 5. KEY TO FIG. 3: THE ANIMALS ARE (FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, R. TO L.): (a) TWO ELEPHANTS TREADING ON SERPENTS AND AN UNIDENTIFIED ANIMAL; (b) EIGHT MARABOU STORKS, A CRANE AND A SECRETARY-BIRD (?); (c) LIONS OR LIONESSES; (d) OXEN; (e) HYENAS; (f) OXEN (?) AND A BARBARY SHEEP; (g) FOUR UNIDENTIFIED ANIMALS AND A CROCODILE.

(RIGHT.) FIG. 6. KEY TO FIG. 4: (FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, L. TO R.): (a) ELEPHANTS TREADING ON SERPENTS AND A CAT-FISH (?); (b) THREE UNIDENTIFIED, A DORCAS GAZELLE, AN ORYX AND A BARBARY SHEEP; (c) FOUR LIONS AND A BARBARY SHEEP; (d) FOUR OXEN AND A CAT-FISH (?); (e) JACKALS; (f) TWO OXEN AND ONE UNIDENTIFIED.



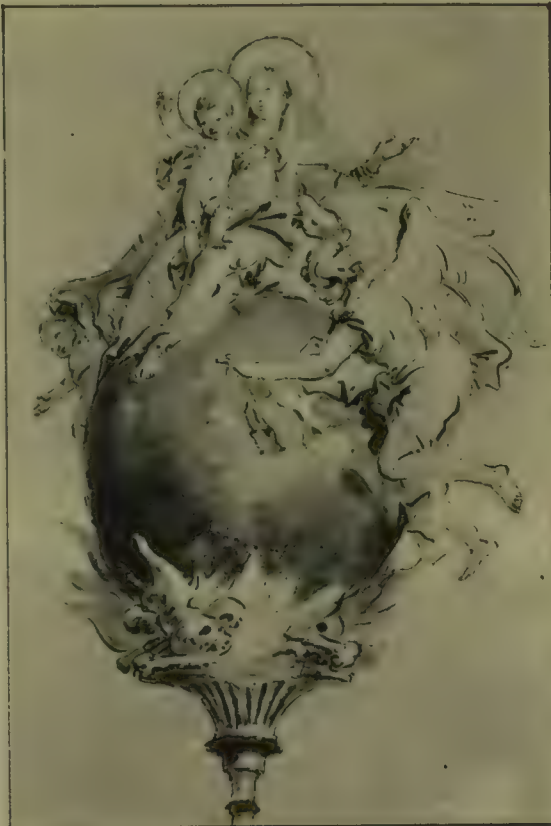
[Continued.] dated to the end of the prehistoric period in Egypt (shortly before 3100 B.C.). Even more indicative of this date than the blade, however, is the beautifully-decorated ivory handle, which, although grievously damaged, shows delicately-carved figures of animals and birds arranged in horizontal rows. Two other knife-handles and a comb-handle, all made of ivory and now in America, exhibit not only the same general arrangement but also many of the fauna depicted on this handle. Together with a small number of carved slate palettes and four other knife-handles, which differ essentially only in the subjects represented, these four objects constitute perhaps the most highly-prized, and certainly the most discussed, group of antiquities which have yet come to light from prehistoric Egypt. It would be contrary to what is known about early Egyptian practices to suppose that the decoration was prompted by artistic motives, and there can be little doubt that both the arrangement of the living creatures and their types possessed some significance. Thus, according to some authorities, the birds and animals symbolised a confederation of clans to which the owners of the knives belonged.

The figures are, however, difficult to reconcile with what is known from other sources of the local emblems current in prehistoric Egypt. Moreover, one of the few identifications with a particular emblem which had been proposed must now be discarded, because the present examination has clearly shown that the creatures in the uppermost row on the side with the boss (Fig. 6) are not vultures (the emblem of the goddess of El-Kab) but elephants treading on serpents. In this respect, as indeed in many other details, the decoration of this handle agrees with that of the ivory comb-handle in the Metropolitan Museum. This correspondence can hardly have been fortuitous, but the conclusions to be drawn from it are very uncertain. If, as seems likely, the knife came from a tomb, perhaps, by a process of imitative magic, it was intended to provide its owner with a plentiful supply of game and a ready quarry in his life after death. It would thus represent the beginning of a development which reached its zenith some centuries later when the nobles decorated the walls of their tombs with elaborate scenes of hunting and fowling which were considered to possess these magical properties."

FROM A TIEPOLO EXHIBITION IN LONDON: DRAWINGS BY FATHER AND SON.



"THE HOLY FAMILY UNDER A TREE," BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO (1696-1770), WHICH IS AT THE ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS BY HIM AND HIS SON. (Pen and brown wash, over black chalk; 11½ by 8½ ins.)



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD IN GLORY, SEATED ON A GLOBE," BY G. B. TIEPOLO, WAS PROBABLY A DESIGN FOR A PROCESSIONAL WAND. (Pen and brown and yellow wash, over black chalk; 17½ by 12½ ins.)



"THREE ANGELS," BY G. B. TIEPOLO, WAS IN THE ORLOFF COLLECTION. THE EXHIBITION AT 4, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, REMAINS OPEN UNTIL JANUARY 20. (Pen and brown wash, over black chalk; 11 by 7½ ins.)



"SKETCH FOR AN OVERMANTEL WITH CHERUBS," BY G. B. TIEPOLO. (Pen and brown wash, over black chalk; 13½ by 10 ins.)



"HEAD OF A BEARDED MAN," BY G. B. TIEPOLO. (Red chalk, heightened with white, on blue paper; 9½ by 6 ins.)



THIS DRAWING IS BY GIOVANNI DOMENICO TIEPOLO (1727-1804), THE SON OF G. B. TIEPOLO. (Pen and brown wash; 10 by 7½ ins.)



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ST. JOSEPH" IS A SIGNED DRAWING BY G. B. TIEPOLO. (Pen and grey wash; 9½ by 13½ ins., the corners cut oval.)



"PUNCHINELLO TAKES PART IN A CARNIVAL PROCESSION," BY G. D. TIEPOLO, IS ONE OF THE DIVERTIMENTI SERIES. (Pen and brown wash, over black chalk; 11½ by 16½ ins.)

The current exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square, is devoted to drawings and etchings by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo (1696-1770) and his son Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo (1727-1804). The exhibition remains open until January 20, and will then be shown at Leeds and Liverpool. This selection of sixty-seven drawings and fifty etchings has been generously lent by a private collector. Giovanni Battista Tiepolo was born in Venice in 1696. In 1719 he married Cecilia Guardi, sister of the painter Francesco Guardi. Their

son Giovanni Domenico was born in 1727, and at an early age he began to accompany and assist his father in most of his important decorative works. Father and son worked together from 1750-53 on the tremendous decorative scheme at the Residenz in Würzburg, and they also went together to Spain, where they executed several works before Giambattista died at Madrid in 1770. In his drawings and etchings Giandomenico also kept closely to the methods and characteristics which his father had carefully taught him.

RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE BRISTOL ART GALLERY.

HOGARTH'S ALTAR-PIECE FROM ST. MARY REDCLIFFE'S.



A DETAIL OF A FIGURE, WHOSE IDENTITY IS DISPUTED, FROM THE LEFT-HAND PANEL OF WILLIAM HOGARTH'S LARGE ALTAR-PIECE FROM ST. MARY REDCLIFFE'S, BRISTOL.

THE three vast works which were painted by William Hogarth (1697-1764) for the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, in 1755-56, have now been presented to the Corporation of Bristol to be hung perpetually in the City Art Gallery of Bristol. The pictures have been presented jointly by the Council of the Royal West of England Academy and the Vestry of St. Mary's, and the very considerable cost of their restoration has been met by grants from the Dulverton Trust and the National Art-Collections Fund.

The three pictures, which are reproduced on this page, are now on exhibition in the Wills Hall of the Bristol City Art Gallery. The altar-piece was commissioned as part of the alterations which were begun at the opening of the eighteenth century, and which transformed St. Mary's in appearance from a Gothic church into a Georgian. The work was quickly completed and the altar-piece was suitably framed and hung over the high altar, which then stood against the Lady Chapel screen. The centre-piece

[Continued above, right.]



"THE ASCENSION," THE GREAT CENTRE-PIECE OF THE ALTAR-PIECE PAINTED BY WILLIAM HOGARTH FOR ST. MARY REDCLIFFE'S, BRISTOL, IN 1755-56. THIS HAS NOW BEEN PRESENTED TO THE CITY ART GALLERY, BRISTOL. (Oil on canvas; 22 ft. 0½ ins. by 19 ft. 2 ins.)



THE ANGEL'S HEAD; A DETAIL FROM "THE THREE MARYS," THE RIGHT-HAND PANEL OF HOGARTH'S GREAT ALTAR-PIECE. THIS RADIANT AND IMPRESSIVE FIGURE OWES MUCH TO THE INFLUENCE OF RAPHAEL.

[Continued.] was fixed to the top of the screen and the two side-pieces were probably placed at right-angles to this, between the screen and the first two columns of the choir. In the middle of the nineteenth century it was decided to restore the church to its original Gothic character. The site of the altar was transformed and Hogarth's paintings no longer fitted in and were also now incongruous in style. It was decided to sell the paintings "in ease of the funds" of the restoration. The National Gallery

declined to buy them and they were finally bought by a local alderman in 1858, and were presented to the Bristol Academy for the Promotion of Fine Arts, which is now the Royal West of England Academy. They were exhibited until about 1890, but were then concealed behind screens on which the Academy hung other pictures. In 1905 efforts were made to restore the paintings, and in 1910 they were unsuccessfully put up for sale. During the 1914-18 War they were put on rollers and placed

[Continued below.]



"THE SEALING OF THE SEPULCHRE," THE LEFT-HAND PANEL OF THE ALTAR-PIECE, WHICH HAS BEEN KEPT IN STORAGE FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS. (Oil on canvas; 13 ft. 10 ins. by 11 ft. 11½ ins.)

[Continued.]

in storage, and were not displayed again except during the Church Congress held in Bristol in 1938. Plans for a special building to house them were interrupted by the outbreak of the Second World War. Thus their recent restoration and their exhibition at Bristol brings to an end a long story of frustrated efforts to do justice to this remarkable masterpiece by William Hogarth. In style the altar-piece is Baroque and, painted eight years before the artist's death, it represents one of Hogarth's final efforts to produce impressive works in order to enhance his



"THE THREE MARYS," THE RIGHT-HAND PANEL OF THE ALTAR-PIECE, WHICH SHOWS THE THREE WOMEN ARRIVING AT THE SEPULCHRE AND BEING GREETED BY THE ANGEL. (Oil on canvas; 13 ft. 10 ins. by 11 ft. 11½ ins.)

general reputation. Many of the figures are derived from the grand manner of one or other of the greatest Old Masters. The composition of the centre-piece, "The Ascension," is strikingly dramatic. Threatening thunder-clouds separate the figure of the ascending Christ from the various groups of disciples, of whom St. Peter (on the left) is represented suffering despair and agony in contrast to the calm serenity of St. John and St. Thomas on the right. In both side-panels the composition is centred round the Sepulchre.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE



TURNSTONES' WHITE FLAG.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

I HAD a good opportunity to watch turnstones on a particular Cornish beach last summer. The most we saw there was four and often only two came, as the edge of the water ebbed below mid-tide level. Then they would forage for up to an hour, until the gulls came and monopolised the beach.

As the turnstones flew in from the sea and turned to touch down, the conspicuous white markings were much in evidence. Once the wings were folded, these small waders settled inconspicuously among the pebbles, the white front and underparts, even the black markings on the throat, disappeared, and the russet back, mottled with black and white, faded into the background of pebbles. Once you had your eye on them, however, they were easy enough to see, and you could not lose sight of them for long because they were always on the move. During their short stay they were feeding all the time, with a constant and continuous energy. With the longish bill they would flick over pebbles at the rate, approximately, of one every two seconds, pecking at the sandhoppers, and any other small living thing, exposed.

It says much for the output of muscular energy that they could keep on in this way, so continuously moving the head and neck. And the weight of the pebbles was not always inconsiderable. I kept watch for some of the larger pebbles turned over and, when the birds had wandered away, picked up the two largest to take home to weigh. They registered $7\frac{1}{2}$ and 8 ozs. respectively, about as much, I should imagine, as the bird itself weighs. One pebble was almost spherical and could be fairly readily turned over with a flick of the forefinger. The other was more discoid and needed an appreciable effort with the finger to turn it over.

Turnstones search under materials other than pebbles for their food. Those we were watching paid special attention to the lines of tangled seaweed, levering them over by pressing with the top of the head and the beak against the weed and lunging forward to roll it over. Occasionally while one was doing this another would come up and push against it further along in an apparent co-operative effort. It is doubtless such incidents as these that have given rise to the suggestion that turnstones will combine to turn over stones beyond the capacity of a single bird. On no occasion did we see any sign of this, and it seems probable that any such combination must be accidental. Although we often saw two or three birds lunging more or less in unison to roll over these seaweed, it was by no means uncommon to see the same two working on opposite sides of the weed and each nullifying the efforts of the other. Not infrequently two of them would end up opposite each other, indulging in a tug-of-war in reverse, lunging at each other through the weed and achieving nothing. On these occasions it seemed that the resulting frustration merely spurred them on to greater and more prolonged effort, for the tussle would continue until one, merely by a chance movement to one side, left the weed free to the other. Certainly there was no indication that either bird was aware of the aim, or even the presence, of the other.

Turnstones are gregarious, but it is doubtful whether they are social. Mere gregariousness and a definite social order may, however, be matters of degree only. Yet there is a difference. A crowd of people walking along a street are gregarious. They are, to a certain

extent, aware of each other. They may jostle each other, scowl or smile at each other as temperament dictates, but each is self-contained and independent. Anyone suffering from loneliness is little the less



SERVING AS A SIGNAL TO OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FLOCK: THE DISTINCTIVE WHITE PATTERN ON THE BACK AND WINGS OF TURNSTONES WHICH IS REVEALED WHEN THE BIRDS ARE IN FLIGHT. WHEN ON THE GROUND, TURNSTONES APPEAR ALMOST DUN-COLOURED, EVEN THE WHITE ON THE UNDERPARTS BEING INCONSPICUOUS.

Photograph by Eric Hosking.

situation has been created in which group action is possible.

Gregarious birds, more especially, must each be lonely and self-contained in the midst of company, yet they are endowed with potentialities for a simple group action which is quite impersonal. Each of the turnstones foraging on the beach, for example, went about its business as if it were the only one there, yet they came in together and, at the end of the feeding session, left together, and the crucial item in this behaviour was the white feathers in the plumage of the back and wings. Normally while foraging, each bird appeared as a dun figure moving rapidly among the pebbles. If you went too near one of them it parted its wings very slightly to expose the white line down the middle of the back. At the same moment it would, as often as not, give the alarm call. Whether the call was given or not it seemed that the others caught sight of the white flash, and, as likely as not, would slightly part the wings to show the white in turn. It is easy, therefore, to see how, when one member of a flock is alarmed, the signal is given and passed from one to the other until the whole flock is put on the alert.

If nothing more develops, the birds relax and the white flashes are covered up, the dun-coloured birds continue as before. If the alarm is increased in any one bird and it takes flight, quickly all follow suit. Once on the wing a turnstone is transformed from a dull, inconspicuous shape to one with a striking pattern. Incidentally, although the white underparts are obvious in a photograph, or if one is viewing the bird more or less at ground-level, it is not noticeable when viewing the bird from human eye-level, downwards. How far it secures cohesion in the flock is problematic. Again, if one of the birds stretches the wings or preens, and thereby shows the white, no notice is taken of it, possibly because the actions are leisurely and not a flash-action. Point is given to this in my final anecdote. It is altogether a different appearance when an alarmed bird takes wing. There comes into view a marked pattern, a white line down the back, white bar across the base of the tail, white at the base of the wings and a white line more or less parallel with the hind margin of the wing.

It may appear that I have made too much of the signalling value of the flashing white, but the impressions I had formed about it seemed to be confirmed by a chance occurrence. As so often happens, it was the trivial event that proved to be significant. A herring gull was perched on a rock, doing nothing in particular, when two turnstones flew up from the beach and settled on the rock. The gull took little, if any, notice of them. A few seconds later the gull turned its head away from the turnstones, and standing on one foot proceeded to scratch the top of its head with the other. In these positions I would say the gull could not see the turnstones except out of the corner of one eye. Suddenly, with the usual flash-action, the turnstone most hidden from the gull's view spread its wings and took off, followed immediately



A SMALL WADER ABOUT 8 INS. LONG FROM THE BASE OF THE BILL TO THE TIP OF THE TAIL: A TURNSTONE SEEN STANDING ON A PEBBLE WHICH IS LITTLE LARGER THAN THE LARGEST PEBBLE IT WAS SEEN TO FLICK OVER READILY WITH THE BILL.

Photograph by Jane Burton.

lonely for being in such a crowd. Should one of them stumble, fall and break a leg, gregariousness gives way to an *ad hoc* social system. One or two may attempt to render first aid, another will go to telephone for an ambulance, and so on. If the rest form a circle round the injured one and merely gaze, they are *en rapport* at least to the extent of being sympathetic. The

by its fellow. Before the second bird could take off, however, the gull had swung its head round in obvious surprise so quickly and so vigorously that it almost fell over. The gull's reaction was unusual, to say the least, and followed so rapidly on the first flash of white as to rule out movement of the turnstone's wings as the cause of the alarm.

RECONSTRUCTING ONE OF OUR EARLIEST ANCESTORS: A TRICONODONT.



(ABOVE.) LOOKING BACK SOME 150,000,000 YEARS: A RECONSTRUCTION OF TWO TRICONODONTS, ONE OF THE EARLIEST-KNOWN MAMMALS, WHICH WERE ABOUT THE SIZE OF MICE, EATING A LIZARD.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, with the co-operation of Dr. K. A. Kermack.

(LEFT.) FOUND AMIDST A RICH DEPOSIT OF FOSSIL BONES: TEETH OF A TRICONODONT, SHOWING (LEFT) A LOWER MOLAR AND (R.) AN UPPER MOLAR.



PART OF THE FOSSILISED REMAINS OF AN ANIMAL WHICH WAS LIVING SOME 150,000,000 YEARS AGO: THE LOWER JAW OF A SMALL TRICONODONT MAMMAL.

LAST summer Dr. K. A. Kermack (of the Department of Zoology, University College, London), with his wife, discovered, a rich deposit of fossil bones in South Wales, made up of the remains of thousands of small animals. These animals lived at the end of the Triassic period (approximately 150,000,000 years ago), and their bodies had been washed by rain down solution fissures in the limestone surface and so had become fossilised. Two of the species present in this new find are among the earliest-known mammals. One—a symmetrodont—is only known from a few teeth, but the other—a triconodont—is represented so far by over a thousand teeth and several hundred bones. All this has emerged from a few pounds of the bone-bearing clay, and there is about a quarter of a ton of it still awaiting preparation. Although the first mesozoic mammal was discovered in 1764, all such finds made prior to this new discovery in Wales consisted of little more than isolated teeth and jaws. Thus it was that adequate fossil material available for the study of mammals dated only as far back as the start of the Tertiary period (60,000,000 years ago), when more than half of their known history was over. The importance of the new discovery is that it will give us for the first time something more concrete than a tantalising glimpse of our earliest ancestors.



SHOWING HOW THE REMAINS WERE COLLECTED: ONE OF THE PARTY, WITH A ROPE ROUND HIS WAIST, USING A PICK TO WORK ON THE ROCK-FACE.

Photographs by Dr. K. A. Kermack.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

PINKS, CARNATIONS AND GOOSEBERRIES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

A FEW days ago I spent a lot of time, and not very much money, bemusing myself in search of a few books to give as Christmas presents. Two of them were to be for children—a grandson of eleven and a granddaughter of eight. Those two were especially difficult. But during my hunt for exactly the right books, I came upon one which, but for two reasons, I would have hastened to buy to give to myself by way of balancing the adverse Christmas budget. In the first place, however, the price was only three guineas, and that would not nearly have balanced things up. Secondly, a friend wrote a short while ago saying that he was going to send me a copy. I do hope he still considers himself my friend, for it is undoubtedly a book to possess. "Old Carnations and Pinks," by C. Oscar Moreton, with an introduction by Sacheverell Sitwell. (Rainbird; £3 3s.)

It is illustrated with water-colour drawings by Rory McEwell. I came upon one illustration which interested me greatly. It was of the old "Painted Lady" carnation, an antique variety of which I was given a small specimen forty or more years ago, and which I have been growing ever since. It is a charming old plant, with relatively small, very fragrant, white flowers, stippled and flushed with light red, and with a constitution of steel.

The names Moreton and Sitwell, plus the old "Painted Lady" carnation, reminded me at once of a course of correspondence in which I engaged a dozen or fifteen years ago with both Mr. Moreton and Mr. Sitwell, on the subject of the old pinks and carnations, as well as the old varieties of gooseberry; the sorts which were grown, especially in Lancashire, a hundred or so years ago for exhibition and competition. As a result of that correspondence I still grow an invaluable variety of pink, called "Lincolnshire Lass," and a number of the old gooseberries, all of which Mr. Moreton sent to me. "Lincolnshire Lass," like the "Painted Lady" carnation, has a cast-iron constitution, and the colour of her flowers, somewhere in the neighbourhood of mulberry, softened down with a good deal of milk, might have been specially invented as an honest protest against modern flower-colour trends in the direction of sexy salmon and passionate shrimp.

Did I send to Mr. Moreton at that time the old laced pink "Dad's Favourite," in the resurrection of which I had had a hand? I think it probable. I "discovered" "Dad's Favourite" in a man's buttonhole at an R.H.S. fortnightly show in London. That man was a great gardener, and therefore generous with plants. It was, in fact, the late A. J. MacSelf, for long editor of "Amateur Gardening." He was wearing this perfect type of laced pink in his buttonhole, and when I asked him about it he characteristically promised to send me a root—which he did. Later, it reached my friend Monty Allwood, and became the ancestor, or one of the ancestors, of the race of laced pinks with which he has since enriched our gardens. Last summer I saw, in a flower-border, a colony of pinks raised from Allwood's "laced pinks" seed. They were a fascinating lot, singles and doubles, white, with crimson centres and laced edges, no two of them alike, and not one of them, probably, up to the old florists' show standard, but every one of them a delightful individual, and, as a whole, a mixed lot of the greatest charm.

As a result of that Moreton-Sitwell carnation-pink-geeseberry correspondence, I received cuttings of a number of the old gooseberries, which I struck and still grow in my garden. Among them are

"White Lion," "Roaring Lion," "Bank of England," "Morton's Hero"—no relation, I believe, of the author of the "Old Carnations and Pinks" book—and "London." This last, "London," although it at one time held the record—and for all I know still does—for the largest gooseberry ever recorded, is apparently not a very satisfactory variety. In Robert Hogg's "Fruit Manual" 1875, it is described: "Flavour good but not first-rate . . . ripens quickly, and does not hang long, it being an especial favourite with wasps and birds"—what gooseberry isn't? "This is the largest gooseberry at present proved, having held its own for nearly a quarter-of-a-century against all former varieties, and hundreds of others sent out since its introduction." The heaviest berry recorded

by Hogg weighed 37 dwt. 7 gr. That was in 1852.

I wrote about my plantation of gooseberry-bushes on this page (October 24, 1953), and the trouble I had with selfish blackbirds guzzling the whole crop just before the berries were pleasantly—for me—ripe. Since then I have adopted what I consider a reasonable policy. As there seemed to be no hope of saving the crop short of either exterminating the blackbirds—which was not to be thought of—or going to the expense of constructing a fruit cage, I decided to gather the entire crop from my two dozen bushes green, for stewing, for bottling, and for selling. If allowed to ripen, the crop would be far too large for

home consumption anyway, even in the worst gooseberry season. For eating ripe I rely upon a row of cordon bushes trained to wires on the north side of a wall. Fixing nets there to fox the blackbirds is a relatively simple and inexpensive matter—and how galling for those selfish thieves! To watch them from the bathroom window, hanging around those netted cordons, wondering what they can do about it, makes shaving a pleasure. Training gooseberries as cordons is a most satisfactory way of growing them, and where there is no wall available they may be trained to a fence or support of posts and wires in the open garden. They will, of course, need net protection, and for this a simple plan is to construct a series of light net-covered frames a little taller than the wire fence supporting the cordons, and each about 5 ft. wide. These may be hinged—a cord-fastening will do—to a batten running along the top of the fence, and slope out away from the cordons on either side, to rest upon the ground. A series of such wired frames placed, touching, from end to end of the fence of cordons, and closed with netting at each end, will afford perfect protection to the crop, and its construction is a simple and inexpensive job for any handy man—or woman. When it comes to gathering the fruit, the hinged frames may be lifted in succession, and propped up with a stick whilst picking is in progress, and then lowered again into position. One great advantage of growing gooseberries as cordons is the convenience of gathering the berries with relatively little stooping, and a minimum of blood-letting, among the needle-sharp thorns which guard even a well-pruned normal bush. With a cordon, all the berries are comparatively near at hand. There is, too, one other advantage about cordon-trained gooseberry-bushes. It was pointed out to me by one who is at once an epicure, an addict and a greedy-guts in the matter of that most subtly delicious of fruits. Cordons may easily be taken up to a height of 6 or 7 ft., and gooseberries are best eaten direct from the bush. The technique for a real gooseberry session or orgy, my friend maintained, is to start on the lower berries, and then, later, when one can no longer stoop to eat, one can stand up, and continue with the upper half of the hedge.

I once saw a real gooseberry hedge in a North Country garden. It was not just a hedge of cordons trained to wires, but an ordinary affair like any quickthorn hedge. Young gooseberry-bushes had been planted about 18 ins. apart, and then clipped over once a year and allowed to increase in height by about 1 ft. each season. This hedge was over 5 ft. high, and made an impenetrable barrier round a fine kitchen and fruit garden, in a district where a really fierce hedge was very necessary. Marauders were at liberty to gather all the berries they wished from the outside of the hedge, whilst the owner was provided with immense quantities of green berries for household use, as many, in fact, as he required, merely by skimming the inside of the hedge.



LACED PINKS AND LACED ALWOODII PINKS OF TO-DAY.

Top right: "Dad's Favourite," which Mr. Elliott discusses. Top left: Laced Alwoodii "Hope." Middle right: "Faith." Bottom left: An as yet unnamed seedling; and bottom right: "London Glow," in which the lacing is so heavy that the eye merges with the lacing and only a picotee edge of white is left.

Photograph by courtesy of Allwood Bros. Ltd.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1956 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas. Now is the time to take out subscriptions for the coming year. A card bearing a message from the donor will be sent to notify the recipient of the gift at Christmas-time.

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SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



RE-ELECTED P.R.A.: PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON.

On December 6 Professor A. E. Richardson was re-elected President of the Royal Academy for 1956, having been allowed to offer himself for re-election despite having reached the age of seventy-five. Professor Richardson is an architect and has been President since last year. He was elected R.A. in 1944 and has been Professor of Architecture at the R.A. Schools since 1947.

AN AMERICAN AIRCRAFT PIONEER: THE LATE MR. GLENN L. MARTIN.

Mr. Glenn L. Martin, who died on December 4 aged sixty-nine, was one of the pioneers of flying and the founder of one of the biggest American companies manufacturing aircraft. He built his first aircraft, a biplane glider, in 1907, and received his first contract from the U.S. Government in 1913 after gaining height, speed and other records.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF MICHELIN TYRE CO. LTD.: MR. E. COLES (LEFT), RECEIVING A LONG-SERVICE CERTIFICATE. This year the Michelin Tyre Company has been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. On December 3 some 1250 people attended a ceremony at Stoke-on-Trent at which 450 long-service awards were distributed. Our photograph shows the senior director, Mr. E. J. Coles, receiving a long-service certificate from Mr. Guy de Bourgues, the managing director.

VISITING LONDON FOR DISCUSSIONS ON SINGAPORE'S FUTURE: MR. DAVID MARSHALL.

Mr. Marshall, the Chief Minister of Singapore, arrived in London on December 9 for conversations with the Colonial Secretary and Sir Anthony Eden in preparation for the discussions on independence for Singapore, due to be held next spring. He also met Mr. Attlee and Labour Party leaders. He planned to visit Pakistan after the London talks.

NEW POST FOR S.A. HIGH COMMISSIONER: MR. G. P. JOOSTE.

Mr. G. P. Jooste, who has been South African High Commissioner in London since April 1954, has been appointed as South African Secretary for External Affairs. Mr. Jooste, who is fifty-one, is a career diplomatist and has had wide experience. He was his country's Ambassador to the United States before being appointed to London.



THE FIRST WOMAN DIPLOMAT IN INDIA: MRS. ALVA MYRDAL PRESENTING HER LETTERS OF CREDENCE.

On her appointment as Swedish Minister to India Mrs. Alva Myrdal became the first woman diplomat to be sent to India. She is seen here presenting her letters of credence to the President of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, at a ceremony at New Delhi on December 5. This is Mrs. Myrdal's first diplomatic appointment. The wife of the famous economist, Professor Gunnar Myrdal, she has been the Director of the Social Science Department at U.N.E.S.C.O.



THE "FATHER" OF THE MALAYAN RUBBER INDUSTRY 100 YEARS OLD: MR. H. N. RIDLEY (LEFT) RECEIVING A PRESENTATION.

On December 10, Mr. H. N. Ridley, F.R.S., the botanist who introduced the rubber-growing industry into Malaya, celebrated his 100th birthday. Mr. Ridley was Director of the Singapore Botanical Gardens from 1888-1911. He is seen here being congratulated by Mr. David Marshall, who presented him with a gift on behalf of the Government and people of Singapore.



ADrift FOR THIRTEEN DAYS: BRUNO ROTA (LEFT).

Bruno Rota, an Italian sailor who was one of the crew of an Italian ship that sank some weeks ago in the Mediterranean, was found adrift aboard a primitive raft, without food or water, after thirteen days. He is seen here telling of his adventures to his captain.



WARNED BY HIS DOCTORS TO SLOW DOWN HIS ACTIVITIES: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

On December 10 Major-General Howard Snyder, President Eisenhower's doctor, announced that the President is showing some signs of fatigue and has urged him to slow down his activities. The President's recovery from his heart attack of September 24 was, however, reported to be continuing at a normal pace and his condition was declared "good." Mr. Eisenhower's activities for the coming weeks will be carefully controlled so as to avoid further fatigue.



THE VICTORIOUS OXFORD UNIVERSITY RUGGER TEAM, WHICH BEAT CAMBRIDGE BY 9 PTS. TO 5 AT TWICKENHAM ON DECEMBER 8.

(Back row, standing; l. to r.) J. C. Walker (Edinburgh Academy and Worcester), M. J. K. Smith (Stamford and St. Edmund Hall), I. L. Reeler (Plumtree, Southern Rhodesia, and University), J. S. Abbott (St. Bartholomew's, Newbury, and Trinity), J. D. Currie (Bristol G.S. and Wadham), J. P. Rigby (Stonyhurst and Lincoln), R. H. Davies (K.C.S. Wimbledon and New College), M. G. Allison (King's, Peterborough, and Brasenose). (Seated, l. to r.) R. A. Plumbridge (St. Andrew's, S.A., and Trinity), P. W. Watson (Blundell's and Trinity), R. C. P. Allaway (Durban H.S. and University) (Captain), T. J. Fallon (Belmont Abbey and Worcester), P. E. D. Robbins (Bishop Vesey's and St. Edmund Hall). (On the ground) D. O. Brace (Gowerton and University) and J. A. Prodger (Merchant Taylors' and Worcester).



BRITISH FIGURE SKATING CHAMPION: MISS Y. SUGDEN.

Seventeen-year-old Miss Yvonne Sugden has added to her remarkable round of recent skating successes by winning the British Ladies' Figure Skating Championship, for the third time running, on December 7 at Streatham Rink. Miss Sugden will be a member of the British team at the Winter Olympic Games at Cortina.



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL SEATED AMONG THE TRUSTEES OF COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG, AND SOME OLD FRIENDS.

On December 7 Sir Winston Churchill was the first recipient of the Williamsburg Award at an imposing ceremony in the Drapers' Hall. He is seen here seated with the Board of Trustees of Colonial Williamsburg. Seated (l. to r.) are Admiral Harold R. Stark (wartime Commander of the U.S.A. Naval Forces in Europe), Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller (Chairman of the Board of Trustees), Sir Winston, Dr. Kenneth Chorley (President of Colonial Williamsburg) and Mr. Lewis Douglas (the former U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain). Fourth from the right, standing, is Dr. H. M. Stryker, the Mayor of Williamsburg. Mr. Douglas and Admiral Stark are not members of the Board of Trustees. The Colonial Williamsburg Trust, which was financed by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was founded to preserve and reconstruct eighteenth-century Williamsburg as a symbol of America's formative years.

A MURDER TRIAL TELEVISED, CEREMONIES, CRIMES, EXPLORATION, AND A DISASTER.



A MURDER TRIAL TELEVISED: A VIEW OF THE COURTROOM AT WACO, TEXAS, DURING THE TRIAL OF HARRY WASHBURN (SEATED BOTTOM LEFT, WEARING GLASSES AND WITH HEAD TILTED). HE WAS FOUND GUILTY. From the morning of December 6 till the evening of December 9, all the sessions of court at Waco, Texas, trying Harry Washburn for the murder of his former mother-in-law were televised without interruption by the station KWTX with the judge's agreement



A PRIMITIVE FRONTIER BARRIER, WHERE THE ROAD CROSSES FROM FRENCH TO SPANISH MOROCCO-- IN A DISTRICT WHERE TRIBAL UNREST HAS BROKEN OUT. SPORADIC FIGHTING HAS BEEN IN PROGRESS SINCE OCTOBER AND 15,000 FRENCH TROOPS ARE IN THE AREA.



FLOWERS FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION IN THE PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME: A FIREMAN MOUNTING AN EXTENSION LADDER WITH A WREATH.



WHERE A DEMENTED PATIENT KILLED TWO DOCTORS, WOUNDED THREE OTHER PERSONS AND COMMITTED SUICIDE: A POLICEMAN IN THE BRISBANE SURGERY.

On December 1 Karl Kast, a patient with an imagined grievance, ran amok in a Brisbane surgery with a pistol and home-made bombs. He killed two doctors, seriously wounded two others and a patient who came to the rescue, and finally shot himself.



THE REINSTATED SULTAN OF MOROCCO LEAVING A MOSQUE AFTER FRIDAY PRAYERS, SURROUNDED BY THE BLACK GUARD. ON NOVEMBER 30 SI BEKAI AGREED TO FORM THE FIRST REPRESENTATIVE MOROCCAN GOVERNMENT.



THE PRINCIPAL SHIP OF THE SOVIET ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: THE 12,600-TON *Obb* AT KALININGRAD, THE PORT FROM WHICH SHE SAILED ON NOVEMBER 30. A large Russian Antarctic expedition is taking part in the researches of the International Geophysical Year; and their principal ship, *Obb*, with diesel engines and capable of 15½ knots, sailed on November 30. A second ship, the *Lena*, is expected to leave on December 15.



WHERE TWENTY-SEVEN DIED IN THE COLLAPSE OF A BLOCK OF FLATS AT FRANKFURT: A RESCUER (CENTRE) CARRYING A CHILD, ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS. In the early hours of December 7 an explosion caused the complete collapse of a newly-erected block of flats in Frankfurt, which had been occupied for about a fortnight. It is believed to be due to a gas explosion in the basement. By December 9 the death-roll was twenty-seven, with seven survivors.

THE SOVIET LEADERS IN INDIA AND BURMA: HONoured WITH FLORAL TRIBUTES.



(ABOVE) WEARING TURBANS AND INSIGNIA, AND GREETING THEIR ONLOOKERS IN THE INDIAN FASHION: MARSHAL BULGANIN (LEFT) AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV AT JAIPUR.



DRINKING COCONUT MILK FROM THE SHELL: THE SOVIET LEADERS AT COIMBATORE. ON MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S RIGHT IS THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO INDIA.

THE latter stages of the triumphal progress of the Soviet leaders, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, through India and Burma closely followed the early pattern. Cheering crowds lining their route, flags and banners, gun-salutes and garlands, civic receptions punctuated by disquisitions from Mr. Khrushchev on the evils of colonialism—all were present to an inordinate degree. In Burma the popular demonstration was a little more reserved, but even here the Soviet leaders were accorded a fervent welcome when they reached Rangoon's airport from Calcutta on December 1. Burmese beauty queens placed massive garlands round their necks, and enthusiastic crowds lining the route to the President's house cheered them as they stood on either side of the Burmese Prime Minister, U Nu, in an open car. Next day, the visitors were shown the Shwe Dagon pagoda, which occasioned Mr. Khrushchev's reference to Burmese temples as being twice as old as Britain's—"yet they call you savages." This report was later denied by *Pravda*. The Soviet leaders left Rangoon by air on December 7 to resume their Indian tour, which was due to conclude on December 14.

(RIGHT.) DESCENDING THE STEPS OF THE SHWE DAGON SHRINE. MR. KHRUSHCHEV MADE ONE OF HIS CELEBRATED ATTACKS ON BRITAIN HERE.



PRESENTED WITH BOUQUETS BY TWO BURMESE GIRLS: THE SOVIET LEADERS AT A CEREMONY IN THE RANGOON CITY HALL, SHORTLY AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL IN BURMA.



DRIVING FROM THE AIRPORT TO RANGOON: THE GARLANDED RUSSIANS STANDING ON EITHER SIDE OF U NU, THE PRIME MINISTER, AND WAVING TO THE CHEERING CROWDS.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

WHO'S THERE?

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE long insisted that the most exciting phrase in the drama of the world is the simple "Who's there?", spoken by Bernardo as the curtain rises upon the tragedy of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark." It is a question that we find ourselves asking anxiously of the Hamlet himself. Can he say, in effect, "This is I, Hamlet the Dane," or have we to cry, with Laertes, "The devil take thy soul!"?

It is a platitude that no Hamlet can fail altogether. I have seen the great play sixty or seventy times now—true, the same performances have been repeated more than once—and, though some of the Hamlets have been bad, none of them has failed utterly. Always there has been a scene or, maybe, a few lines to remember—something, at least, that will fit into the mosaic of one's own personal ideal Hamlet which is bound to be composite, a blend of many virtues, the best things from memory, with certain phrases that have not yet been spoken as one would wish. Every watcher and listener has this private, this intimate Hamlet, a portrait that only he or she can know.

I was once astonished, but I am no longer, to find how wide is the range of popular judgment upon the Hamlets of the last thirty or forty years. Critical opinion may say this thing or that; but it will not shake Hamlet-lovers who make up their own minds, keep their own counsel.

Personally, I have long made up my mind about the kind of man I want Hamlet to be. He has been overlaid by words, by academic, pedantic wrangling, but he is not an enigma. He is a noble Prince—expectancy and rose of the fair state—who has been touched to the quick by his father's death, by his mother's hasty marriage. When he learns what his task must be, he goes to it with horror. And while riven by doubt and fear, other things add to his despair, his loathing of the world, this unweeded garden. There is the comfort of friendship with Horatio, a man he can wear in his heart of heart. But, for the rest:

The time is out of joint. O cursed spite!
That ever I was born
to set it right!

Hamlet, for me, is younger than we are told he is—a young man to be burdened with so terrible a duty. He may have the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword; but at core he is a boy longing for affection; his father dead, his mother disloyal, the Ophelia lost that he had once cherished—"Forty thousand brother, could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum." He is deeply sensitive: prompted to his revenge by heaven and hell, he finds himself, like Lear, bound upon a wheel of fire.

I have known many touching Hamlets. Only one, Paul Scofield—who now, at the Phoenix, returns to the part after seven years—has made me feel for him to the depth of the soul. He did this at Stratford in the Victorian-Gothic setting, Victorian costume. He does again in the less distracting décor of the Peter Brook revival. He is royal and gentle. His words are born of emotion; here the emotion is not fabricated to fit the words. With him we take the great, the tragic progress through Hamlet's mind. It is marked for me in this performance by such things as the cry of "Father!" in all its infinite longing, the anguished "O cursed spite!" with arms flung wide, the first tenderness

for Ophelia (held closely to him), the homage to Horatio spoken with a quiet urgency, the sudden reversion (so it seems to me) to an older manner at the passion of "'Tis now the very witching time of night," the moment in the Closet scene when, as a boy again, his head drops for a moment on his mother's shoulder, the Churchyard brag when his love for Ophelia declares itself in passionate outburst, the acceptance of fate before the duel, and, again, the gentleness and royalty in the voice, the true voice of

flickering on a broken classic column, has been armed at all points, the essential Hamlet.

This line or the other has been better spoken, this shade of emotion expressed more precisely, this scene or that more exciting, but nowhere has the character of the Hamlet that I know—and I speak for myself—risen more clearly from the text than in the person of the tall, romantic Renaissance youth with the eyes that tell of a grieving mind, and the quick, the springing, stride as Hamlet moves from sight in one of the halls of Elsinore.

He is, I feel, most touching in the Closet scene when he looks at the body of Polonius and says, his anger flickering down, "I do repent"; and, at the end, in the beautifully-judged speaking, the raptness, of "If it be now, 'tis not to come." This passage, in particular, may be Scofield's for history. Again I speak for myself, for the Hamlet we know at the Phoenix Theatre. Let the factions storm; I can report only what will live with me. There will be debate, no doubt, over Scofield's rendering of the verse. Blessedly, he does not recite: he is not a marble-cold spouter. He feels. He seeks the sense, and in the great ratiocinative soliloquies he does not lose the sound. Listen to him in "How all occasions!"; note how everything is expressed in a passage of desperate music that beats at brain and heart.

I do not want to compare Scofield with anyone, to weigh and measure this performance in the scales against those of Messrs. A or X or Y. The test is what we shall remember, and there may be time in later years for a quiet reckoning and retrospect. I do not wish to see a gentler or a nobler spirit—two of his weapons—or one so able to communicate suffering without emotional pitch-and-toss. We should be glad that Paul Scofield was our ambassador to the Russian stage.

Now, for all I know, other critics may hold him to be expressionless, harsh, unmoving, the entire gamut of dispraise. But, like a Hamlet-lover, I go my own way, whether it is with the stream or against it. Some of the other performances are excellent, Ernest Thesiger's dry Polonius who is not clowned, Alec Clunes as the King (though he is too impressive to be seen through Hamlet's eyes), Diana Wynyard as the foolish Queen, Richard Johnson as a Laertes hot with anger. I am yet in doubt about Mary Ure's uncompromising Ophelia—at any rate, no wan Pre-Raphaelite maiden—and not too happy about the Horatio, the First Grave-digger, or the Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. But there must always be some trouble in Denmark, and the cast, as a whole, is firmly around its Hamlet.

Peter Brook employs a Georges Wakhevitch setting of an arched hall, with various windows, crannies,

galleries, that can be put to inventive use. I shall long recall the imaginative simplicity, such Brook-marked scenes as the handling of the dumb-show, a passage for weaving torches, and Hamlet's escape from solemn custody. The duel in this revival is with rapier only—"one of his weapons."

There are matters to be spoken of later: no more now. Most, I shall remember the inspiration that, after the first scene, sends the lights up on Hamlet as he stands, alone, framed for a moment in the entrance before the full Court appears—the troubled soul of Denmark living, still to be summoned by the majesty of Denmark dead.



"WE SHOULD BE GLAD THAT PAUL SCOFIELD WAS OUR AMBASSADOR TO THE RUSSIAN STAGE": PAUL SCOFIELD AS HAMLET IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY AT THE PHOENIX THEATRE, WITH CLAUDIUS (ALEC CLUNES; LEFT), GERTRUDE (DIANA WYNYARD), LAERTES (RICHARD JOHNSON) AND POLONIUS (ERNEST THESIGER; RIGHT).



"PETER BROOK EMPLOYS A GEORGES WAKHEVITCH SETTING OF AN ARCHED HALL, WITH VARIOUS WINDOWS, CRANNIES, GALLERIES, THAT CAN BE PUT TO INVENTIVE USE": "HAMLET," SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT II., WITH (LEFT) CLAUDIUS (ALEC CLUNES); CENTRE, LAERTES (RICHARD JOHNSON) AND HAMLET (PAUL SCOFIELD), AND (RIGHT) GERTRUDE (DIANA WYNYARD).

Hamlet, as in death he leaves his name and his story in the keeping of his friend.

Many Hamlets in our time have taken us on this progress. All, for me, have faltered at one stage or another. Only Paul Scofield, with that strange, rifted voice, the voice that brings up some image of sunlight

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HAMLET" (Phoenix).—Paul Scofield, a romantic Hamlet haunted by the task he must perform, "most dreadfully attended" by the thronging phantoms of his mind, moves through a performance noble, gentle, and intensely touching. Peter Brook has ordered the production with a seeming simplicity and an imaginative power that match Scofield's. (December 8.)

NEW CHURCHES AT COVENTRY: NOVEL DESIGNS FOR LOW-COST CHURCH UNITS.

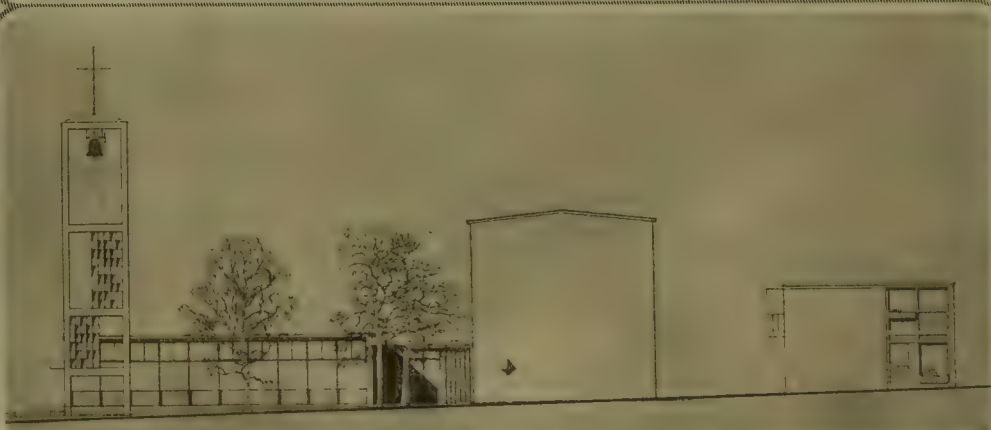


A GENERAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE POSSIBLE VARIATIONS OF MR. BASIL SPENCE'S DESIGNS FOR CONCRETE CHURCHES AT COVENTRY: THE CHURCH BUILDING IN THE CENTRE IS JOINED TO THE CAMPANILE AND THE CHURCH HALL (ON THE RIGHT) BY COVERED WAYS.



LAYOUT DRAWINGS SHOWING THE THREE DIFFERENT GROUPINGS OF THE NEW CHURCHES ON COVENTRY HOUSING ESTATES: EACH UNIT OF CHURCH, HALL AND CAMPANILE IS EXPECTED TO COST ABOUT £16,000.

the contractors, Messrs. George Wimpey, it has been possible to keep down the total cost of the church, church hall and campanile to about £16,000. It is hoped that the construction of three of these church units, on the housing estates of Willenhall, Tile Hill and Bell Green, will be started early in the New Year. These buildings have been designed around the poured "no-fines" concrete construction method developed by Messrs. Wimpey. As will be seen on the layout drawings reproduced above, it has been found possible to make variations in the relative positions of church, campanile and hall. On these three estates the vicarages will be built at a later date.



(ABOVE.) THE EAST ELEVATION AND (TOP) THE WEST ELEVATION OF THE PROPOSED LAYOUT OF THE STANDARD UNITS ON THE TILE HILL HOUSING ESTATE AT COVENTRY.

(RIGHT.) THE ARCHITECT'S IMPRESSION OF THE EAST END OF THE INTERIOR OF MR. SPENCE'S PROPOSED STANDARD CHURCH UNIT.

THE late Bishop of Coventry, Dr. Gorton, was very concerned about the need for new churches on the rapidly-growing housing estates in Coventry. At his request, Mr. Basil Spence, the architect of the new Coventry Cathedral, prepared designs for small church units which could be erected at the minimum cost. By a certain amount of standardisation and by close co-operation with



FROM HIGH HOLBORN TO KUALA LUMPUR: A MISCELLANY FROM THREE COUNTRIES.



THE END OF A FAMOUS RESTAURANT: THE DEMOLITION OF THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT, AT THE CORNER OF KINGSWAY AND HIGH HOLBORN, WHICH IS TO BE REPLACED WITH A MODERN OFFICE BLOCK. IT WAS BUILT EARLY IN THIS CENTURY.



AT THE BUDGET SESSION OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF MALAYA AT KUALA LUMPUR: THE MACE, CLERK AND SPEAKER PRECEDING THE HIGH COMMISSIONER. At the Budget Session of the Federal Council on November 30, the High Commissioner, Sir Donald MacGillivray, gave an assurance on behalf of H.M. Government that plans for introducing self-government into the territory would not be delayed on account of jungle warfare with the Communists.



ROWED ASHORE BY HIS OFFICERS AT THE END OF HIS CAREER AS C-IN-C, HOME FLEET: ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL DENNY AFTER LEAVING H.M.S. APOLLO.

When Admiral Sir Michael Denny, Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, arrived in the Pool of London on December 5, flying his flag in the minelayer *Apollo*, it was his last voyage in his present appointment. He relinquished his command a few days later and was rowed ashore in honour by his officers.



THE WRECKAGE OF A U.S. THUNDERSTREAK LYING IN THE DEBRIS OF A SHEFFIELD HOSPITAL INTO WHICH IT CRASHED, KILLING A WOMAN PATIENT AND INJURING SEVEN OTHERS. On December 9 the U.S. pilot of a *Thunderstreak* jet fighter baled out of his aircraft over the Derbyshire hills. The pilotless aircraft crashed on Lodge Moor Hospital, near Sheffield, killing one patient, damaging two wards and slightly injuring seven other patients. The pilot landed unhurt.



THE NEW FOYER OF LA SCALA OPERA HOUSE, MILAN, WHERE THE PRESIDENT OF ITALY ATTENDED THE OPENING OF THE NEW SEASON—WITH BELLINI'S "NORMA"—ON DECEMBER 7. A number of new buildings and additions to La Scala, Milan, were completed in time for the first night of the new season, which opened on December 7 and was honoured by the presence of Signor Gronchi, the President of Italy. Miss Maria Callas sang the leading rôle in "Norma."



ANCHORED IN THE POOL OF LONDON AFTER HER AUTUMN EXERCISES: THE FLAGSHIP OF THE HOME FLEET, THE FAST MINELAYER, H.M.S. APOLLO.

Wearing the flag of Admiral Sir Michael Denny, H.M.S. *Apollo* entered the Pool on December 5 on her second visit to London. On her previous visit, a year ago, she was the first Home Fleet flagship to sail so far up the Thames since at least the end of the First World War.

SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL: NEWS ITEMS FROM HOME AND OVERSEAS.



A MODEL OF THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE PLACE WHERE THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL CHAPEL IS TAKING SHAPE BEHIND THE HIGH ALTAR. This model of the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral is on view in the Cathedral, and it shows the High Altar behind which, in the eastern apse, the American Memorial Chapel is now taking shape. It is hoped that it will one day become a place of pilgrimage for Americans visiting London.



ANNOCKING FOR ADMISSION ON THE DOOR OF THE REDEDICATED ST. COLUMBA'S CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: THE REV. DR. J. MOFFETT, MODERATOR OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN ENGLAND. This photograph, taken during the dedication service of the new Church of St. Columba, Pont Street, London, on December 4, shows the Rev. Dr. Joseph Moffett, minister of Crown Court (Church of Scotland), Covent Garden, and Moderator of the Church of Scotland in England, knocking on the door for admission.



ACQUIRED BY AN ANONYMOUS DONOR FOR WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH ALABASTER STATUE. This statue of the Madonna and Child is now in Westminster Cathedral. It is believed that it was originally in an English cathedral and hidden abroad during the Reformation. It was on view at the Antique Dealers' Fair.



ACCOMPANIED BY VATICAN DIGNITARIES AND SWISS GUARDS: PRESIDENT GRONCHI OF ITALY (IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES) LEAVING ST. PETER'S AFTER PAYING AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE POPE ON DECEMBER 6. THE PRESIDENT HAD A FORTY-MINUTE AUDIENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS.



AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT AT THE MINISTRY OF WORKS EXHIBITION, "THE PRESERVATION OF HISTORIC BUILDINGS," WHICH IS TO BE SEEN AT THE R.I.B.A.: A CASE CONTAINING TWO SETS OF MASONS' TOOLS; ON THE RIGHT, A MODERN SET AS USED TO-DAY, AND, LEFT, A SET OF ROMAN TOOLS FROM THE CORSTIPUM MUSEUM. THE SIMILARITY IS MOST STRIKING.



A DISPLAY AT "THE PRESERVATION OF HISTORIC BUILDINGS" EXHIBITION WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE MOST MODERN METHODS OF TIMBER PRESERVATION. The exhibition arranged by the Ministry of Works at the Royal Institute of British Architects, 66, Portland Place, is designed to illustrate the special techniques evolved by the Ministry in dealing with old buildings. The twenty-seven display panels give an excellent idea of the intricacies of this work.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

OF course it is and must be nonsense to review a huge, truculent and satirical Divine Comedy à la mode d'aujourd'hui as though it were an ordinary little human story; one requires time to think about it, or at least to let it sink in. Yet on the other hand, it can hardly be met with complete silence. "The Human Age," by Wyndham Lewis (Methuen; 30s.), therefore involves one in a dilemma; perhaps especially if one has not read "The Childermass," which was the first stage of Pullman's post-mortem odyssey. With this proviso, I can go on. Stage One was evidently a kind of limbo: a camp by the Styx, where the newly-dead lived in fox-holes, waiting for the "Bailliff" to pass them into a mysterious, hermetically-sealed city on the far bank. This Magnetic City was believed to be Heaven. Pullman resented waiting, and has now got himself smuggled across to the steps with his ex-lag. But they are promptly knocked out by the "fluence"; and after all, it is the extremely suspect Bailliff who lets them in. Not into Heaven: "Third City" proves to be only a "chaotic outpost of Heaven," a degenerate and senseless Purgatory, ruled by an angelic being known as the Padishah, but actually dominated by the Bailliff, an impudent and surreptitious gang-boss. The "life" is pseudo-earthly, and suggests a welfare state combining intense puritanism with unexampled vacuousness. It is vegetarian and dry; there are no women (these are isolated in a frightful ghetto called the Yenery); and everyone gets a monthly dole of bank-notes. They remain fixed at their psychological age, and most of them are half-witted products of a desiccated Youth movement. Such is the Bailliff's recruiting policy. In addition, this futile residence is being subjected to an infernal bombardment called the Blitz, and is torn by hostile parties. So it behoves Pullman to take a line. He has no party; on earth he was a sceptic, "of the fierce modern 'genius' type," and an emotional solipsist. But he had always to depend for patronage on the Left, and it is just the same in Third City. Doubtless the Catholics are right; but only the Bailliff appreciates James Pullman, and has something to offer. So Pullman closes with him, temporarily. Then suddenly time is past; and he and Satters, under the wing of their fallen patron, are fleeing to Hell.

The Bailliff has represented this as quite a nice spot, with nothing mediæval about it. Instead, his hometown proves to be more nauseating than anything in Dante; and Pullman's new rôle as confidential adviser to the Evil One—the Ultra-Solipsist—is pure nightmare. He spends his off-time praying frantically to God, yet quaking at the possibility of detection.

Writers often duplicate their themes, and "The Human Age" might also have been called "Self-Condemed." That is its gripping element: the plight of the hero. *En revanche*, like Pullman, and like Lucifer, it is solipsistic. In Dante, next to the poetry one remembers the human beings; he has allowed them personal tragedy and grandeur even in Hell. Here they enjoy very little existence and no dignity: which gives the Hell-scenes a peculiarly nasty flavour. Third City has plenty of mammoth liveliness; but to be frank, I found the jittercracking "malign fiesta" rather overweight. The thought I won't venture to judge. Only—if the Catholics have the truth, what is it all for?

OTHER FICTION.

Here you must imagine a great gap, and an extreme shrinkage in scale. "The Innermost Cage," by Kathryn Talbot (Faber; 12s. 6d.), is a little work—but one of marked though confined distinction. Its heroine (like Pullman on earth) has made a name in literature. She has also achieved a prosperous and happy life, and never tires of rubbing it in, both to herself and other people: as though she were hell-bent on being success incarnate. This may have something to do with an early, terrible experience at sea. Her parents were missionaries in Japan. When they were bringing her home to school, the ship caught fire, and Frances was the only survivor in a small boat—because they both gave her their rations. At last she has written that out, in a short story. But there were also grim years, never spoken of: though after New York it was all right. Even her first marriage was all right, for Herman still worships her, and his mother is always coming to stay. In Lloyd, she found the ideal partner—who has designed her the perfect home, and whom she loves but doesn't lean on. And now she has taken up the girl Perryn. Not with any distinct views; but it will be like playing fairy godmother to her younger self.

And of course Perryn brings down the whole structure. It was tottering already; Lloyd had already begun to chafe and pull away, but Frances didn't notice. Any more than she has known what really happened in the small boat. And now that also bursts on her, just as she is struggling to the "ever-victorious Brunnhilde" to the last gasp. This story is firmly knit, and worked out with what can only be called refinement. And it has a kind of surgeon-like sympathy.

"Cupid in Venice," by Dorothy Adelson (Staples; 10s. 6d.), is loose and easy, and precisely what it calls itself: a blend of travelogue and romance. Alitha Phillips, a young American war-widow, living in London, and vowed to eternal grief, has been persuaded to take a holiday. But Venice was her own choice. It enchanted her as a schoolgirl, and its effect is just the same again. She lodges with a pair of sweet, elderly *contessine*, living in genteel poverty in an enormous palace with a superb Titian; and almost at once she has acquired a romantic cicerone in Loredan Manin, painter and engineer. The manner is gently humorous, and the Venetian scene very engaging.

"The Body-Snatchers," by Jack Finney (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), is a fantastic thriller, on the avowed basis that anything can happen. As, for example: one day Miles Bennell, a doctor in Santa Mira, California, begins to have a stream of patients with the "delusion" that somebody or other is not really So-and-so, but merely indistinguishable from So-and-so. At first he ascribes it to mass hysteria. Then bodies begin turning up, which are not bodies, but unfinished replicas. And patients start to "come round," and say they don't know what came over them. . . . I am afraid I laughed at this story. But it is agreeable in tone, and has good moments.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

The "miniature" game I put before you was played at top board of a recent match Devon v. Somerset:

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

P. KEFFLER Somerset White	F. E. A. KITTO Devon Black
1. P-K4	P-K4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3
3. B-B4	Kt-B3
4. Kt-Kt5	

For some mysterious reason, these moves have a fascination for English players. Black seems to play the Two Knights' Defence, and White to adopt this double-edged continuation which seizes a pawn at the expense of some weaknesses, more often in England than anywhere else. Perhaps it is because the variation was superbly reviewed by the blind champion, Bonham, and his friend Wormald, in a booklet which, I am told, sold over 45,000 copies.

4.	P-Q4
5. P×P	Kt-Q5

Fritz's move, a strange and bizarre scheme which, however, is there if you track it down, in "Modern Chess Openings"—page 301, column 13. It is the sort of variation which has a peculiar fascination for Kitto: one without any particular idea in view, without any particular virtue except . . . that it is totally unexpected and calculated to make one's opponent waste his time puzzling what on earth is the idea behind it.

The older reply. 6. P-Q6 has more recently been recommended: 6. . . . Q×P; 7. B×Pch (7. Kt×BP is not so convincing as Black can reply 7. . . . Q-B3 with his eye on the white KtP as well as the bishop), K-K2; 8. B-Kt3 and Black, a pawn down with a misplaced king, has made a horrid mess of the opening. It seems hardly credible that Kitto was inviting this; probably he had found some slight improvement. Was it 6. . . . P×P. . . ? Or 6. . . . Kt-K3. . . ?

What it was, only Kitto wots!

6.	Kt-B4
7. P-Q4	P-K5
8. Castles	B-Q3
9. R-K1	Castles
10. Kt×KP	Kt×Kt
11. R×Kt	Kt-K2

Though two pawns down, Kitto stages a remarkably plausible attempt to convince us and his opponent that he has adequate positional compensation. White cannot now hinder an aggressive pawn advance on to his king's wing.

12. Kt-Q2	P-KB4
13. R-K1	Kt-Kt3
14. Kt-B3	P-B5
15. B-K2!	

This move, though it looks so passive, shows insight into the situation, for it facilitates an advance of his QBP which proves an intolerable nuisance to Black.

15.	B-KB4
16. P-B4	P-Kt3
17. B-Q2	Q-B3?

Perhaps misguided, for after White's next, the threat of his P-QB5 gains in strength.

18. B-B3	KR-K1
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After this and White's next, his position collapses, but to fight against P-B5 by 18. . . . Q-K2 would be to invite 19. B-Q3 and Kt-K5.

19. P-B5!	B-KB1
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Not 19. . . . P×P; 20. P×P, B-K4; 21. Kt×B, Kt×Kt; 22. B-Kt5, R-K2; 23. P-Q6, etc.

20. B-Kt5!	R×Rch
21. Q×R	Kt-K2
22. B-B4	K-R1
23. Q-K5	Q-Kt3

The remainder is only interesting for the efficiency with which White winds up a completely won game.

24. P-Q6!	BP×P
25. BP×P	Kt-B3
26. Q-Q5	B×P
27. Kt-R4	Resigns.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MORE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

MANY years ago I read one of Miss Naomi Mitchison's historical novels. It was called, I think, "The Unconquered," and although, as an adult, I recognise that it was full of the anti-imperial-Roman propaganda then so much in vogue in Miss Mitchison's Left-Wing Bloomsbury set, it was a first-class story and showed a deep historical knowledge of Celtic tribal organisation as it existed immediately before and during the Roman conquest of Gaul. I now select as undoubtedly the best of another large batch of children's books, "The Land the Ravens Found" (Collins; 8s. 6d.). This time the scene is set in ninth-century Caithness and Iceland. Its heroes and heroines are the Norse conquerors of Caithness and the Scottish and Irish prisoners whom they, in due course, freed to sail with them to form a new settlement in Iceland. All Miss Mitchison's evocative powers are brought into play to make her characters, who are founded on the historical evidence of the "Landnamabok" and the sagas, come to life. At the time at which she writes, the Old Faith of Thor and his Nordic gods had not been entirely ousted by the New Faith of Christianity, and this leads to tension between the Norsemen, most of whom are still pagan at heart, and the more civilised Scots and Irish. I recommend it to any boy from twelve upwards, while an adult will find it packed with scholarship and excitingly recounted.

Those boys who like exciting historical tales will also be attracted by "The Minstrel Knight," by Philip Rush (Collins; 8s. 6d.). When I was a boy, and even later, I took an unashamed pleasure in the historical novels of the late Mr. Jeffrey Farnol. I think his only mediæval romance was "Beltane the Smith," but it was the best. "The Minstrel Knight" is in the best Beltane the Smith tradition, with plenty of the clash and ring of sword on armour—a first-class story.

"The Minstrel Knight" is set mostly on the Welsh marshes and in the time of King John. "The Valley of the Dragon," by Olive Price (Bell; 10s. 6d.), has as its background the thirteenth-century China at the height of the Mongol Empire. This is the China of Kublai Khan at the time of Marco Polo's famous journey. Both Marco Polo and the great Khan appear, and the story contains plenty of excitement. It will appeal to the young reader with a taste for the out of the ordinary, and who does not mind taking his history in painless doses.

Increasingly large numbers of British boys and girls go every year to Spain for their holidays. If they want a pleasant little story which will give them as good an insight into the life of an ordinary poorish Spanish boy in an ordinary Southern Spanish town, they could not do better than read "Pepe Moreno," by Eric Allen (Faber; 7s. 6d.). Pepe is a shoeshine boy who has a genius for getting into trouble. It is simply told and extremely funny, and if the children do not, for any reason, like it, father and mother certainly will.

Surely I am dreaming, for here in this bunch of books I have two books by G. A. Henty, both published by Latimer House at 6s. One is "Jack Archer—A Tale of the Crimea" and the other "The Lion of St. Mark," a tale of Venice at the height of its sea-power. Surely I read these many, many years ago? In any case, let us not quarrel with them, for they are as exciting tales of their respective period as any boy could wish.

Miss Patricia Lynch is, as I have recorded in these columns before, one of my favourite writers of children's books. She produces this year the fourth in the Brogeen series. This time it is called "Brogeen and the Princess of Sheen" (Burke; 8s. 6d.). Brogeen, you will remember, is the leprechaun who lives in a little house among the roots of a giant beech-tree, together with Trud, the little elephant. He spends his time partly among the mortals and partly among the fairies in the Fairy Fort. It is a delightful little tale, and well up to previous Brogeen standards. Need I say more?

It is curious to find Miss Mazo de la Roche, the author of the famous Whiteoaks novels, in a new rôle—writing a charming story for children. This is "The Song of Lambert" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). Lambert is a lamb who found that he could sing. This led to trouble in the meadow, and ultimately to his expedition to the Antarctic with Mr. van Grunt, the millionaire, with whom he dances round the neon-sign which, of course, marks the South Pole so the traveller will be sure where he is. A delicious little tale, charmingly illustrated by Eileen Soper.

I thought it would not be long before the current craze for anthropology and archaeology was popularised for the young, and now there is an excellent book by Hans Baumann called "The Caves of the Great Hunters" (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). This tells in simple terms, but with excellent illustrations, how four boys and a dog, exploring in the woods in Southern France fifteen years ago, found themselves in an underground shaft and in the famous Lascaux Cave. The wonderful prehistoric wall paintings are, of course, now world-famous, but a better introduction for the young to prehistoric art than this little

book could not be imagined.

Two books on nature are "The Singing Forest," by H. Mortimer Batten (Blackwoods; 12s. 6d.), and "Letters to a Young Naturalist," by Maxwell Knight (Collins; 10s. 6d.). The former is a story of a red deer which also gives a vivid picture of the Highlands, and in which the experienced author does not make the mistake of endowing his animals with anthropomorphic qualities. The latter, told in the form of letters between an uncle and his nephew at school, is a more than adequate introduction to the animal life of these islands. Finally, for the very young (and, indeed, for the not so very young) there is "Ethelbert Goes to the Moon," by Rosemary Hoyland (Collins; 6s.). Ethelbert was a tiger who was sitting with his friend Augustus Quode, the explorer who lived in an oasis in the middle of the desert, and who discovered that there was nowhere left to explore except space. So he decides to build a rocket and so away they go to the moon, where their adventures among the Quogs and the Quorms are highly diverting. Ethelbert, incidentally, is undoubtedly one of the most endearing characters to appear in children's fiction for many a long year.

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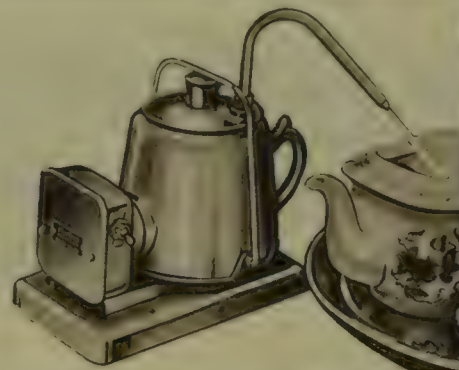
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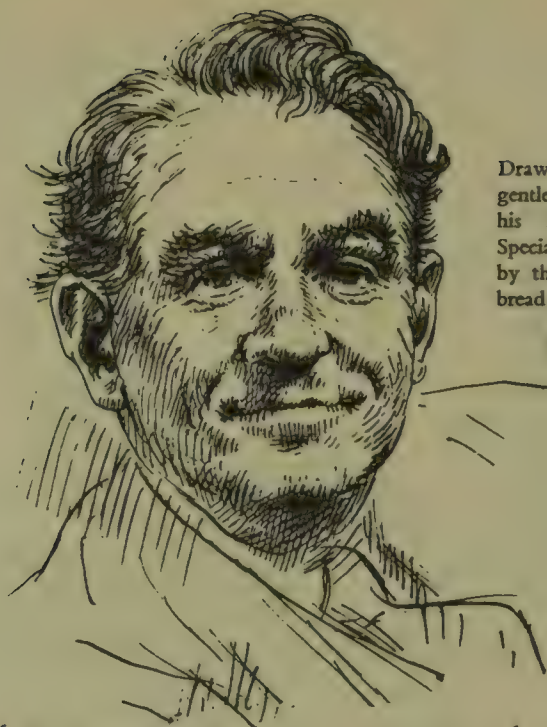
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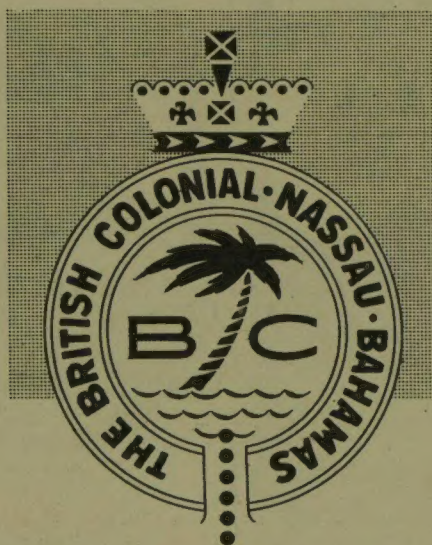
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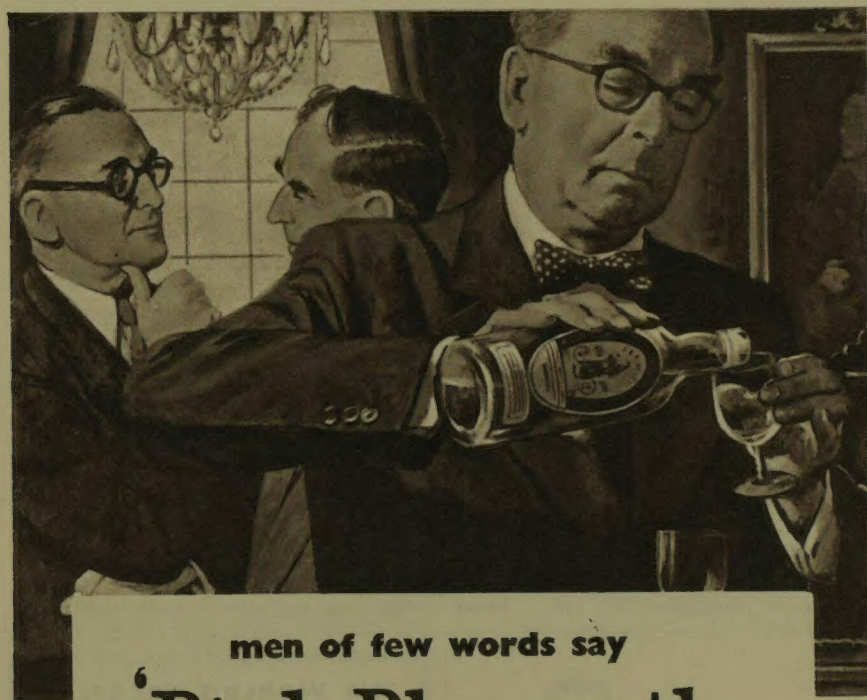
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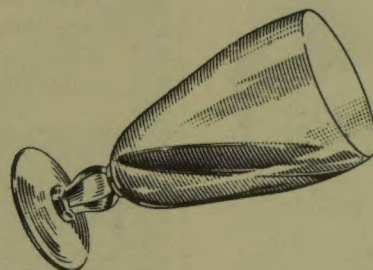
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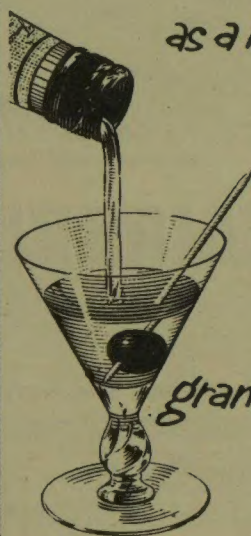
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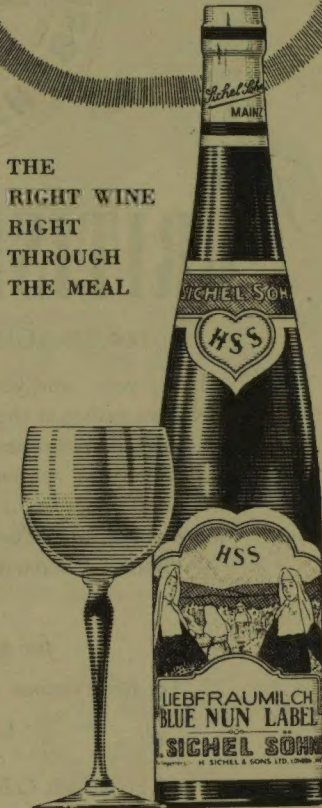
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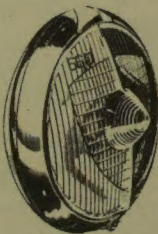


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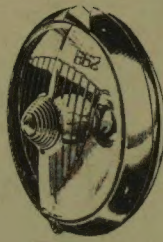
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